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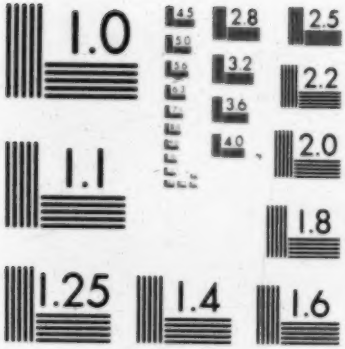


MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS-1963-A

Published on microfiche by:

Chadwyck-Healey Ltd
21 Bateman Street
Cambridge CB2 1NB
England

Somerset House
417 Maitland Avenue
Teaneck, NJ 07666
USA

Date of publication and production of master: 1976

Series: The purposes of this series is to make available those catalogues that have lasting interest through their text or their illustrations. Catalogues and cumulations of titles in the series are available from the publishers.

Serial numbers: Each title is identified by a seven-figure serial number placed in the top right hand corner of the microfiche title strip. The first figure indicates the number of the list in which the title first appears. The first three-figure group signifies the gallery or museum; the second three-figure group the accession number for that title.

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Location of original: The National Art Library, Victoria & Albert Museum, London.

Technical data:

Producing laboratory: Micromedia Ltd, Kidlington, Oxford, England.

Note:

Some text and illustrations are lost through tight binding. This is a problem which we regret we have found unavoidable since we are only filming at the Victoria and Albert Museum those catalogues that cannot be found in other London locations.

# SURREALIST

# INTRUSI

IN

THE

ENCHANT

DOMAIN

ON

I

TERS'

# *Surrealist*

## *intrusion*

## *in the Enchanters' Domain*

*D'Arcy Galleries* 1091 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK

*Directed by*

ANDRE BRETON
MARCEL DUCHAMP

*Managed by*

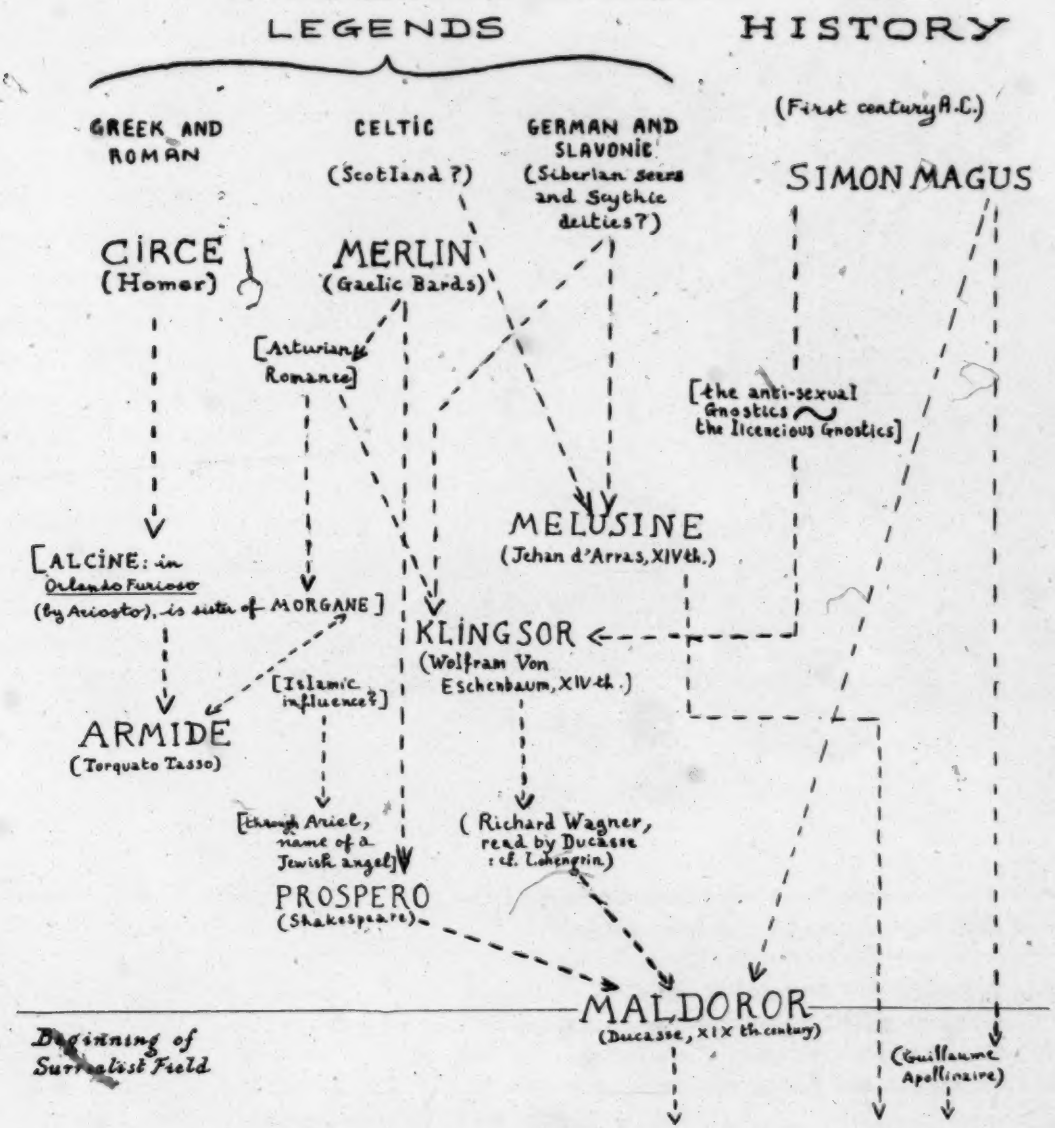
EDOURD JAGUER
JOSE PIERRE

*Translated from the french by*

JULIEN LEVY
CLAUD TARNAUD

A Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 60-53502

3070
10-VII-1962


LEGENDS
HISTORY
GREEK AND ROMAN
CELTIC
(Scotland?)
GERMAN AND SLAVONIC
(Siberian seers and Scythic deities?)
(First century A.C.)
SIMON MAGUS
CIRCE
(Homer)
MERLIN
(Gaelic Bards)
[Arthurian Romance]
[the anti-sexual Gnostics ~ the licentious Gnostics]
MELUSINE
(Jehan d'Arras, XIVth.)
[ALCINE: in Orlando Furioso (by Ariosto), is sister of MORGANE]
KLINGSOR
(Wolfram Von Eschenbaum, XIVth.)
[Islamic influence?]
ARMIDE
(Torquato Tasso)
[through Ariel, name of a Jewish angel]
(Richard Wagner, read by Ducasse: cf. Lohengrin)
PROSPERO
(Shakespeare)
MALDOROR
(Ducasse, XIX th century)
Beginning of Surrealist Field
(Guillaume Apollinaire)

# CIRCE

*Un matin nous partons, le cerveau plein de flamme,*
*Le coeur gros de rancune et de désirs amers,*
*. . . . . .*
*Les uns, joyeux de fuir une patrie infâme;*
*D'autres, l'horreur de leurs berceaux, et quelques-uns*
*Astrologues noyés dans les yeux d'une femme,*
*La Circé tyrannique aux dangereux parfums.*

*(CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, LE VOYAGE)*

*Daughter of the Sun: her name probably meant The She-Hawk. She belonged to a family exclusively concerned with magic (Medea, for instance, was her niece). Vindicative lover, exiled from the Land of the Golden Fleece, she took refuge in the West, on a volcanic promontory. With one touch of her wand, she changed Ulysses' companions into swines and made them drink hallucinatory potions. Ulysses, to whom Hermes had given a plant which could be used as an antidote, and who flourished the sword that chased the ghosts, was the only one to resist her magic. But she lured him in her bed, and showed him the path leading to the Inferno (where he must go before journeying back to Ithaca). A famous weaver, Circe operated a kind of workshop where nymphs embroidered the effigies of ghost-animals (wild-boars, wolves, leopards) with which she loved to surround herself, and in which could be easily recognized her former lovers, metamorphosed.*

*GERARD LEGRAND*

| | SITE | POETS | ARTISTS | COUPLE |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (OPAL) | ***Panama (the Lair of the Golden Scarab)*** | ***Maynard Baffo Vigny Swinburne Apollinaire*** | ***Cosimo Baldung Goya Chirico*** | ***Ambrosio and Matilda*** |

| | SITE | POETS | ARTISTS | COUPLE |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (BERYL) | *The Land of the Houyhnhnm (Swift)* | *Chateaubriand*<br>*Yeats*<br>*James Joyce* | *The Master of the Coeur d'amour épris*<br>*Gauguin*<br>*H. Rousseau* | *Héloïse and Abélard* |

*nun, Merlin, from his earliest childhood displayed a gift for prescience: he ordered that the ground be excavated at the place where King Uther Pendragon had vainly endeavoured to have a tower built, which kept collapsing. Two dragons, endlessly fighting each other, were found in the abyss. Later on, in an attempt to wipe out the stain that his birth had left on him, Merlin helped the Knights of the Round Table in their Quest for the Grail. During a battle, he ensured the Bretons' victory by changing them into trees. Often, he willingly guided stray Paladins by assuming the aspect of a snow-white stag or of an old woman. He was powerless, however, to prevent Lancelot's adultery, Mordret's treason and the collapse of King Arthur's realm. He met a young girl, Vivian, of fairy-like birth, but unacquainted with magic, to whom he disclosed his science, little by little. She asked him how she could keep forever at her side the man she loved. Aware of her stratagem, but unable to resist her, Merlin entrusted her with the secret. Then, Vivian took advantage of his sleep to build around both of them the glass walls of the "Valley of No Return", in the Forest of Broceliande. At the time of the last battle, waged at Tintagel, the faithful Gawain vainly looked for Merlin deep in the Forest of Broceliande. "The Enchanted Enchanter spoke to him but remained invisible; the "adventurous" times were over, the Cycle of the Grail completed.*

GERARD LEGRAND

***"Merlin, Merlin where are you going with your black dog so early in the morning?"***

***"I am looking around here for the red egg, the red egg of the sea-snake, along the shore in the crevices of the rocks; I shall search the meadow for green watercress and the grass of gold, the mistletoe on the oak, in the forest, near the spring."***

**HERSART DE LA VILLEMARQUE (BARZAZ-BREIZ)**

# SIMON MAGUS

*Simon Magus was born near Samaria, in the 1st century A.D. He captivated the populace by his marvelous operations: he made statues speak, directed lightning, changed water into blood and administered baptism by fire. He was among the first to teach the distribution of Aeons (divine powers) by couples of both sexes, which is one of the fundamental principles of the Gnosis. He proclaimed himself the incarnation of the Father or "The First Power of the Being", while his female companion, Helen, represented the Moon, Wisdom or the Holy Ghost. His life is inextricably blended with legends. After having vainly tried to buy from the Apostles the gift of miracle-making, he journeyed to Rome. It seems that, in Nero's presence, he attempted to fly on a burning wheel. He crashed to earth, it is said, as a result of the prayers of Simon Peter, the black double of whom he seems in many respects to be.* GERARD LEGRAND

| | SITE | POETS | ARTISTS | COUPLE |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (ADAMANTITE GARNET) | ***Tibet in the Year 2000 A.D.*** | ***Milton<br>Goethe<br>Arnim<br>Rimbaud<br>Roussel*** | ***Grünewald<br>Ucello<br>Blake*** | ***Nerval and Aurélia*** |

*He kneeled to knot the lace of his right sandal, adorned at the top of the foot by a fourfold gold triangle. Then, he stood up again and called:*

*"Eloah Quanah, Jealous God, in charge of the doors of the heavenly abode, towards the West, push me aside when you open them, to let those who serve me pass!"*

*(GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE, L'HERESIARQUE ET CIE).*

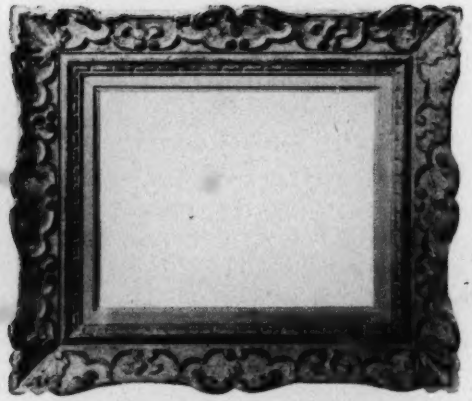
| SITE | POETS | ARTISTS | COUPLE |
|---|---|---|---|
| *astle of Chambord* | *Shelley*<br>*Beckford*<br>*Cros*<br>*Villiers de l'Isle Adam* | *Caron*<br>*Ingres*<br>*Modigliani* | *Salomon and Balkis* |

***"The roll of thunder under the attics of the castle, the torrents of rain which fell with a roar on the pyramidal roofs of the towers, the lightnings which streaked the vault of Heaven and crowned with electric flames the vanes of brass, aroused my enthusiasm: Like Ismen on the high walls of Jerusalem, I was calling to the thunderbolts: I hoped they would bring Armida to me".***
***(CHATEAUBRIAND, MEMOIRES D'OUTRE-TOMBE).***

*Niece of Hidraot, King of Syria and famous enchanter, Armida combined in herself the black lessons of Saracen magic, the glamour of a skillful rider and, which was more dangerous still, the coquetry of a woman who was self-confident even in her weaknesses.*

*It was like an Amazon that, in front of Jerusalem, she broke into the camp of the Christian Knights, set fire to their tents and cast most of them into a goal. Renaud alone managed to escape: reverting to guile, she attracted him in her enchanted gardens where she bound him with the blossoming fetters of sensual delights. The only way for Renaud to be saved was to look at his own image. There were no mirrors around: but, thanks to the diamond shield that Ubald, his faithful squire stealthily held out to him, Renaud acknowledged his mistake and fled. Armida's daemoniac imprecations did not prevent the brilliant gardens from being engulfed into oblivion.* *GERARD LEGRAND*

# KLINGSOR



*Expelled from the domain of the Grail because, having mutilated himself, he had betrayed the very meaning of renunciation, Klingsor had only one alternative left: to pursue for himself alone, in his own gardens, the black face of the Absolute.*

*Dark artificer of love, emasculated Master of the Temptress among all other women, under the moresque arcade of his Manor — built on the spot where a hermit hut formerly arose — the Magician hid from himself the immensity of his failure by diverting the Stray Knights from the Way*

*Kundry's slavery, this pretence of power which could have been some kind of revenge (he could not escape from the old dream of Montsalvat) on the former decree of banishment, remained for Klingsor-the-Asexual not only a fictitious possession of Woman — Eros with a mirror — but also a shared ownership, since the daemoniac mission he forced on her each night was cancelled during the day by the service to the Grail.*

*Despite his corolla of flower-girls which opened whenever a pilgrim of the High Adventure came by, despite the traps laid in his perfumed labyrinths, the Eunuch Enchanter's lot is the heavy bitterness of a man who is lonesome, awfully lonesome.*

JACQUES LACOMBLEZ

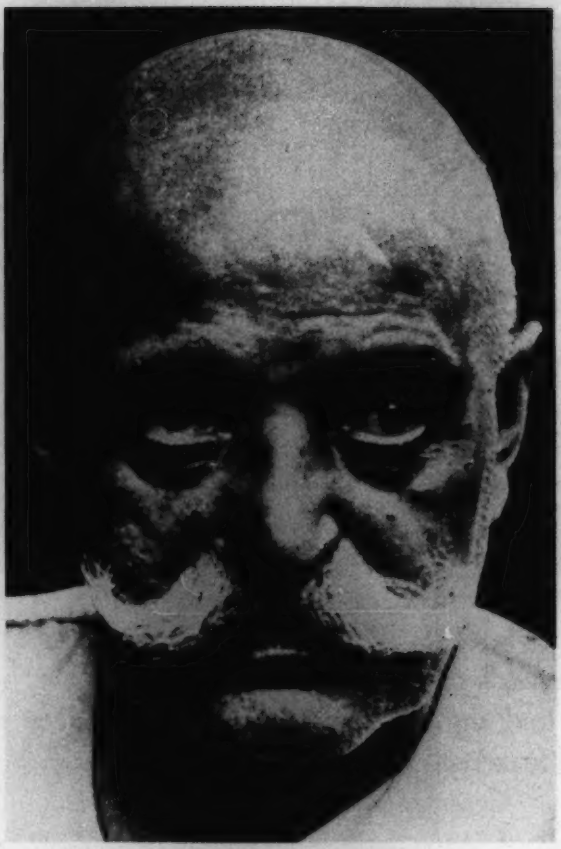
*— Nobody ever saw him; only his power is known. This power is: magic.*

*— Where everything now is flowers and movements, among the greatest voluptuousness and the wildest rapture, as if as during an eternal spring evening, this solitary hut was formerly the only landmark in the naked desert . . . It is assumed that Klingsor was the very man who, when a pious hermit, had lived in the land thus metamorphosed.*

*— Here! Ascend towards me from your depths! Unnamed, your Master is calling,*

*She-devil of the beginning of times! Infernal Rose!*

*RICHARD WAGNER*



| | SITE | POETS | ARTISTS | COUPLE |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (MOSS-AGATE) | *Fingal Grotto* | *Kleist*<br>*Poë*<br>*Nietzsche*<br>*Trakl* | *Altdorfer*<br>*Van Gogh*<br>*Kandinsky* | *Baudelaire and Jeanne Duval* |

# MELUSINE

***"Melusine at the moment of the second cry: she has just shot forth from her unfolded hips, her belly is the whole harvest of August, her torsoe springs like fireworks out of the curve of her waist, moulded like two sparrow's wings, her breasts are ermines taken in the trap of their own cry, all the more blinding because they light themselves with the ardent coal of their shrieking mouths. And her arms are the soul of brooks that sing and perfume. And, under the collapse of her tarnished golden hair, all the distinctive features of the child-woman are forever assembled".*** **(ANDRE BRETON, ARCANE 17)**

*Melusine was the daughter of Pressine the Fay and of Elinas, King of Scotland. From the Lost Isle, she journeyed through vast forests to Poitou, to the edge of a spring where she encountered Raimondin de Lusignan. She wed Raimondin on the understanding that he would never try to see her on Saturdays. This was because each Saturday, as a punishment for a fault she had committed once, she became — as the Mother-Goddess of the Syrians — a serpent from the waist down. Thus, and only thus, could she live and die as a woman. Often at night, she disappeared: then, fortresses, monasteries, churches rose from earth. Melusine had ten sons, all of whom but one were afflicted from birth with strange imperfections. Now then, on a Saturday, Raimondin, whose suspicions had been aroused, followed her and saw her, as a mermaid, bathing in a pool of green marble. Melusine's arms stretched out and spread: as a dragon, she disappeared among the clouds. And ever since, as the peasants of Poitou will tell in the evenings, by the fire, whenever a new Lord takes over a castle of the domain, whenever a male scion of the family is on the verge of death, she appears in the neighbourhood during three successive days and she utters three cries, the three cries of Melusine.* *JEAN MARKALE*

| | SITE | POETS | ARTISTS | COUPLE |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (TOURMALIN) | *Paris, rue de la Paix* | *Shakespeare Aloysius Bertrand Caroll* | *Watteau Seurat G. Moreau* | *Thomas de Quincey and Ann* |

# PROSPERO

*Prospero illustrates the power of desire. Brutally torn from his books, the legitimate Duke of Milano found himself abandoned in full tempest on a ship without masts, sails or rudder. The sea cast up Prospero on an island: he transformed it into a place of illusions, using therefor his coat, his book and his magic wand. He summoned at his will nymphs, naiads, the elfs from the hills, the brooks, the lakes and the groves, all kind of spirits which, when ordered by him, incarnated Gods and Goddesses. But, more important still, he exercized, through Ariel, his control over the winds and the lightning and, through Caliban, he ruled the earth. But all these enchantments had vengeance for sole aim. Once vengeance achieved, Prospero freed Ariel, discarded all his spells, broke his wand and drowned his book, in order to resume his position amongst men.*

*GERARD LEGRAND*

| | SITE | POETS | ARTISTS | COUPLE |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (AMBER) | ***Sequoia Valley (California)*** | ***J. J. Rousseau Fourier Melville Hamsun*** | ***Arcimboldo Desiderio Mansu Turner Bresdin*** | ***Robert and Elisabeth Browning*** |

*Exactly as these two regions, nature and supernaturalism, which look so different to us, are in the absolute a single unit . . . the Isle of Prospero is no less lighted than the seven circles of the infernal spiral by the sombre reverberation of hypotheses. There, as well as here, the possible exists, this window of dreams opened on reality.*
*VICTOR HUGO (WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE)*

# MALDOROR

*César-Antéchrist parle: Si Lautréamont a vécu l'être, la faute en est au son géant de l'os de la baleine percutée, qui dit: Je suis seul roi. Car mes vertèbres ont leur vie, leur aspect et leur pensée. J'ai moi aussi le premier vécu l'être.*

*(ALFRED JARRY: La Revanche de la Nuit)*

| | SITE | POETS | ARTISTS | COUPLE |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (OBSIDIAN) | *Easter Island* | *E. Young*<br>*Sade*<br>*Maturin*<br>*Jarry*<br>*Panizza* | *Bosch*<br>*Munch* | *Jupiter and Sémélé* |

heir to all those who were fascinated by evil — thus becoming fascinating themes, and whose features appear in more and more details as one follows the que thread of the Gothic novels — Maldoror is nevertheless the first and perhaps only modern enchanter. Spokesman of Isodore Ducasse, but only insofar as the er endeavours all through his work to become the Comte de Lautreamont, he is the n with lips of sapphire or sulphur, the man with the "stare of bronze" that nothing can lect from its unrelenting fixity. Endeavoring to proceed with the erotic conquest of Universe which he is determined to free once and for all from God, he borrows from magicians of old their gift for metamorphoses — and becomes a sword-fish, a crab great as a vicuna" or even a cricket which, "with its pernicious fluid", threatens unrepentant optimism of modern civilization. Using vampiric seduction, he is always leavoring to create other enchanters. To one of his young victims, he offers a ring: Whenever you turn the ruby around, you will become invisible. Whenever you turn ack to its normal position, you will reappear such as nature made you". This ring, realism has no greater ambition than to accelerate and magnify its playful glitters, ront of which spirit staggers and "flourishing capitals" collapse.

crisis. But this was not so much from a stoppage of techniques available for artistic discovery. On the contrary: At its beginning such a crisis provokes and aids the eruption of new formulas for creation, and these, by their very novelty, generally prove sufficient unto themselves, without any aesthetic or moral thought or surety. At the beginning of this century, for example, fauvism enjoyed such benefit of surprise, when the exaltation of colour, carried to what seemed then a paroxysm, led one to forget or neglect the total bankruptcy of imagination which was to bring this strictly pictorial movement to an abrupt halt. For violence of colour, a constituent part of the image, cannot eternally support the insolvency of the other elements which contribute to the making of a pictorial work an incomparable emotional springboard. All the more if the degree of violence transgress the known boundaries, the excess of colour could, after several months duration, possibly blind or dazzle the retina to the point of rendering complex images, those requiring more exact deciphering, unrecognizable or inconvenient to him. Past experience has clearly established that, lacking imaginative power, all revolt on the level of "means" proves inept and soon sloughs off any vestige of true revolution, degenerating rapidly. Recent experience also: we are witnessing again the identical phenomenon with the appearance, growth, inflation and finally the hypertrophy and withering away of a new formalism of research, its amalgam catalogued according to the time or place, under diverse names: "action painting", "art autre", "informel", or "tachism". That which is true for colour is likewise true for texture, pictorial pâte, or for gesture and movement. And as the eye becomes accustomed to new processes it becomes better able to detect the cheating, such attempts appearing from then on just as indigent as fauvism in relation to the faculties of poetic exaltation of thought and the investigation of psychic territories still inviolate.

Between these two periods when artistic creation was magnified and then blocked in what I would dare call an explosive vacuum, other comparisons equally valid can be established: for the fauves it was a reaction against the so-called literary or mystic tendencies of symbolism and the Pont-Aven group as it crystallized most notably with Gustav Moreau as with Gauguin, with Filiger as with Sérusier later. For our informels and their like, it comes as a simultaneous reaction against the "literary" character of the surrealist image, or the "formalism" of abstract-construction. And for the fauves as for the informels, it isn't even certain that one can speak of a voluntary reaction; but often, too often, merely the pure and simple prejudice of ignorance, a rallying to the easiest efficacious position in the eyes of those who prefer to avoid rather than to ask questions.

However, the fauves did nothing more than repeat with exacerbation the formal conquests of impressionism; the "tachistes" (I mean by this the second wave who profited by the word without having contributed anything at all to provoke its apparition) did no more than repeat, while perverting to their ends, the psychic and poetic conquests of an automatism already worked by the Surrealists and by some painters in the United States who gave meaning to the expression "Lyric-Abstraction" (I am thinking of Gorky and Pollock, on to Baziotes, De Kooning, and Clifford Still). There again the deviation is flagrant: a revolutionary means of expression "entre tous en tant que tel", automatism finds itself denatured and perverted by its use as an end in itself, a formal system hermetically sealed to any slight desire for poetic interpretation, and consequently, any exchange with the spectator, since the splatters, flecks and blots, these squalls of colour, never find themselves at any moment disciplined. And they owe their eventual brilliance neither to a fruitful interiorisation (as in Wols, Gorky, Baziotes, K.O. Götz, or Dax) nor to the expression of an authentic "fury for life" (as in Pollock, certain canvases of Hans Hoffman, the early Riopelle). Such drunkenness at all cost at times has its pathetic side: but the will to power which constitutes its most immediate justification seems now to have shot its bolt. And behold, new conventions menace, and we must mold the torrential clay; freed to confront ancient and forgotten images, we now incrust these persistent mirages of legend with the live flesh of newly revealed turbulences.

Behold how today the curiosity we had felt for such works, works that were generally limited to singling out from t chaos of pictorial matter merely a fragment (Tapies), cloud or nebula (Rothko and Sam Francis), and making th conspicuous, installed in apparent quietude; now that curiosity tends to give way before imperious pressures fro outside: from the street, from frontier collisions, from the technico-scientific delirium that makes of man a mere cog the machinery of a cyclotron or missile. In such times when we should, with all our strength, force ourselves into attitud that might surmount the events, in a word resist, would it not seem natural that our interest in painting should carry beyond such ingenious exploitations of enlarged fragments of the wall against which we hurl ourselves, or of the m by which we are surrounded?

Dangerously hauled about by the soothing syrups of memory and the lures of anticipation, the man of today shou escape from such banalities: the imaginary, that is the reality which never surrenders to the usual commands, remai outside the gate even when one thinks to have it trapped, and exceeds a hundredfold the romantic fables abo vehicles five, ten or x . . . times faster than the speed of light. Today, whether he writes or paints, the poet crystalliz time and space in images that can only be evaluated beyond all reasonable measure, by the light of that sensibili alone which must one day or another conquer the entire realm allotted to solemn "reason", unless we founder, a all the artificial structures conceived to propel man beyond himself founder, and this terrestrial shell founder in o last cry. Because the creator must be the maker of sensitive reason we would in no way consider the domain artistic creation as enjoying any special privilege. Quite the contrary, that which must especially torment the creat of images are the anxieties of testing, on various levels, the reaction on every day reality of the imaginary marvels has revealed, whether enlarged to the proportions of a cosmic bazaar or not. That which is of most significance is th corrosive power that a dissolving phantom of the image opposes to the opaque and authoritarian wall of a reali becoming more and more conformist. For the sovereign aim, the primordial mission of the pictorial act has change fundamentally. Audience and creators alike prefer to ignore this decisive reversal of the relation existing betwee the function (social, decorative, etc. . . .) that from habit we still assign to a work of art, and its true role. But wh now determines this role is the precarious equilibrium between formal, traditional space, and a revolutionary ne space of oniric filiation, where the re-creation of a reality determines a dialectic movement in which action is combine with contemplation ("contemplaction" as Matta would say) forming the crest of a single wave. By the infinite dynam of the interpretations which assail him the spectator finally becomes freed to force the gates of vision, at the price of sumptuous shipwreck of notions with which he has been overloaded.

So it only remains for the painter to vitriolate appearances, and not to flatter the eye by a show of "know how" out season, even less to subserviently comment on any event or situation given by a reality which is imposed upon u Intimately identifying himself with the poet, he will become, he too, "the one who inspires". One can imagine wh disordered perspectives may be opened by the exploring of these abstract spaces at the instigation of this reciproc poetry — especially as we have nothing to save but liberty itself, while all about us, concluding the treason of the separate pacts, the politicians and physicians hasten to dismantle what remains of the Revolution and of Science. Th man, such as we are waiting for, certainly seems not to have much chance of getting out whole from such a game dupes. But the chance, like any last hope, is incarnate in some poems, some pictures, in various parts of the worl (we are supposed to think them out of fashion) that chance demands to be kept at least intact and unsoiled: Immateria but tied in every way to the material of the world in which we live, irreducible, but reduced to the fragile truth of th enigma of the best established contradictions. . . .

Whatever the case, it would seem that the most urgent task would be to kindle the apparition of a counter-deliriu (as one fights fire with fire, to save the greater part of a forest otherwise threatened in its entirety). What is essentia is the saveable pulse of a work, the cement which holds it to the wall of sensibility, the essential is that which force us to participate in the spasms that mold the foundation of an underlying architecture, irrespective of the ornament

embellish the door opening for us. In this sense, all strictly formal problems can only be solved by an advance, and are mainly concerned to the extent that we must be on our guard against the trompe-l'oeil of fashion: those who recently and laboriously "informalized" their demonitized frigid abstractions are quite capable, tomorrow, of rrealizing" their excremental bread and jam, if tactical profit tempts them. Art, too, has its tricksters, and it is fying to note what strange complicity ties together, in this respect, such otherwise antipathetic plastic formulas as: monochrome of Yves Klein, the stereotype flourishes of Mathieu, the academic liturgies of the recent Dali. But if a nter or a poet refuses to abdicate, then a whole aspect of the world is forever and again called in to question.

s immediately apparent that such refusal to abdicate is inseparable from a refusal to serve. If I appreciate, in neral, the work of Wilhelm De Kooning, it is not only because his canvas, "Excavation", of 1950 is to my view one of landmarks from which a whole spatial universe of colour can take off anew, an Inferno and Eden; but it is also ause of that unambiguous declaration, made in 1951 in the course of a discussion of art: "There are painters, and n one of them, who . . . are too nervous to know where to sit down. Besides they have discovered that painting . . . oday a way of life, a style of life and therein lies its true strength — and it is precisely by its non-utility that it is . These painters never want to conform. All they want is to be inspired. . . ." And several years before the unleashing allistic orgies, De Kooning admonished the pillars of the laboratories: "The space of science — the space of the sicist — I am truly bored with by now. Their lenses are so thick that, seeing through them, the space gets more and e melancholy. All that it contains is billions and billions of hunks of matter, hot or cold, floating around in darkness oing the great scheme of aimlessness. The stars I think about, if I could fly I could reach in a few old-fashioned s. But physicists' stars are used as buttons, buttoning up curtains of emptiness."

n are the words, the declarations, the colours and the taches, the love cries and the insults resounding far beyond the inal intentions, far beyond their authors and ourselves, to meet and assemble in that absolute reality, that eality which is built as if by itself, and which at the same time builds the extra-temporal dimension of the future, of sensitive reason. Independent, to be sure, of all limitations of school encyclopedias and of techniques, that re, materialising at every moment, laughs at success as much as at failure or death: Chirico has for a long time ided in denial, but the shadow cast by the silhouettes of "The Melancholy and Mystery of a Street" has never sed to run throughout our veins like the uneasy ice of a disquieting expectation. Hans Hartung no longer offers our etite anything more than a muffled echo of distant merry-making, but we will never be able to forget the graphic ts served us from 1942 to 1947, when exploring, in the wake of never-seen colours, a conjectural space all in the t of heat, solar reflections on the windows of memory and vertiginous windings of the seismograph of automatic ing. Nor Chamane, who left voluntarily the bosom of the interminable and vermicular tundra of coloured enlace-ts. Jackson Pollock is dead, but we will never confuse the landscapes of endless spasms he unfurled with the rium for drop-naming of his followers. Benjamin Peret has left us, but never will the words he freed from their os not the objects he dissembled ever again return to the pitiful dirty hovels where "common sense" had held n terraqueous. Calling "tobacco" that which is "ear", naming for the first time a vending machine or a box of lines, disclosing the secrets of that immense department store of farce and booby-traps which is the world of the ct, Peret, before the eyes of numerous men born between 1895 and 1940, unmasked that major imposter, self-styled ity, and likewise opened the way to the most conscious revolt against a "reality" which would refuse us such ts of laughter.

which can be said of tobacco can be said of the ear, — what one says of a loose word can also be said of spilled ur. Poem and picture are parcels or shells of "ardent reason" as evoked by all the vows of Apollinaire: gesture colour, perspective and form are but fragments or traces of a rebellion that now, even more then yesterday, must put Peinture au Defi". It is from such a pulsation, amalgamating by its hot breath all the objects, taches, triangles and lems pilfered from the central fires of other epochs and civilisations ( Lam, Bräuner ) from which the pictorial

act must proceed, — whether it fuse in a flash or after long concert, for here we would fall into formal questions again such as the rapidity of a poem or picture which seems to me the most utterly trifling question of all. The same can be said of all the knowledgeable carping with which so many critics regale a public credulous to excess, over the false problems of abstraction and representation: with Toyen for example, the representational "Dormeuse" of 1937 and the non-representational canvases of 1927 or 1960 envelope the spectator with the same veil woven of the same silk of clouds.

Besides, no matter how improbably "abstract" the forms appear in which they may now seem determined to incarnate themselves, the principles of action as defined by Surrealism since 1924 remain today as yesterday the best situated to offer to creators a fighting chance, faced with the "cretinizing wind" that blows, alas, hither and thither and thence. While awaiting — against all probability — new voices of affirmation from the side of the social revolution, must art capitulate, allow itself to be mixed in with mud, colour of boredom, in that wall the white bloused workers claim to have built to the stars, or on the contrary should they not draw from this present dispute the eruptive magic which would cause new stars to surge from the nothingness of ordinary vision — stars which could never serve to button up the curtains of emptiness? Anything is possible in this realm, considering that no mathematician has yet arrived at enumerating the facets of the dice of knowledge. Certainly in 1960, as in 960, knowledge is enchantment; but fortune in that realm, over thousands of years, has changed hands many times, and the gage for the tournament with it; notwithstanding the mysterious magic wand which is the symbol has never lost its powers. All goes on, in fact, as if through these diverse fortunes, between the tree and the bark, alchemy and chemistry, metaphysics and physics, revolution of the night and the poetry of painting, it fashions its own life, indicernible to the eyes of the craven who refuse to see "the horse galloping on a tomato". Thanks to the torrential rain of images which, in 1924, heralded and provoked the "First Manifesto of Surrealism", all became permitted to him who could see, all liberty given to him who could take it. I know: they had a trick. But that trick is a boomerang; we have perhaps nothing but that imponderable magic wand. In Germany, during the Nazi usurpation, there were men who had nothing to hold to — all question of courage aside — save the echo of a phrase by Breton, Peret or Eluard, or the reflection of an image by Klee, Kandinsky or Ernst.

It is all in not lowering the eyes, not succumbing to the great sleep of the religions — those miscarried mythologies — or of the politico-technocrats. It is all in not just believing, but affirming the incredible. Quite simply, the apparatus of the lie perfects itself, and because of this as André Breton once wrote, "the fabric of adorable unlikelihoods must become a little finer as one advances". Thus it is only by perpetual complicity with enchantment that the games, or the duels, of all the forms with which the interior view is pregnant since the night of time, will end by rendering either intolerable or laughable all those frauds, their transparency failing to hide their noxiousness. Living in a glass jail a creature ends with the conviction that he is free, to such a point that, behold, he is ready to play the dirty-face angel between earth and moon. But free he cannot really become all at once, except by returning to that limitless earth of which one face, ceaselessly changing, remains to be discovered, where the mounts and marvels do not stay fixed in reassuring torpor, but pass from one state to another in a frenzy that becomes the best justification for automatic writing (that is if one admits that "the earth is man" and in seeking that identification the artist will always re-discover himself). By naming the spiral mad, the structure orthogonal, and the explosion demoniac where no face has yet found its likeness, and still further on that livid pebbled beach wrested from Tanguy's "Ys" or that luminous harmonica on which is played "La Ville Entière" of Max Ernst, the artist, right down here and right away, without remission or mystic grace-notes, baits the total material conquest of that unknown face of the earth which is the only place where we can think to find salvation — a salvation not reducible to the dimensions of the Divinity.

The TOURNAMENT OF THE ENCHANTERS is not ended.

EDOUARD JAGUER — September 1960
Translated by J. L.

# SURREALISM AND THE SAVAGE HEAR

The storms of romanticism had proved inadequate and so had its effusion even while it was slamming the doors of the "salons" where it had reign supreme only by embracing their less perverse but more richly endowed charm art was bent on patiently satisfying the vanities of aesthetes, on catering to t needs of disenchantments born of a leisure fit for dogs. Art was a language. painting's or a sculpture's sole mission was to evoke. There did high society hedonism find thorns of satin for its faded roses; came nightfall, and the gravi of stock exchange speculations yielded to the concerted futility of images. rudimentary television authorized the enjoyment of the self, and, although t spectator failed to objectify this enjoyment, it gave him, by virtue of its objecti origin, a high opinion of his sensitive faculties as well as of his quick-wittedness

When Guillaume Apollinaire undertook to make each of his poems a "poem-occurrence" (poème-événement) in relati to which all the means of poetry had to be thoroughly revised, the occurrence—there were, of course certain anteceden but these suddenly appeared under a new light — corrected the angle of sight much too opportunely not to feed ve soon the mill of surrealist speculations. Thus, the concepts of work and manual skill were deprived of the value theref fore attached to them, value that should be set on the spiritual process only, of which the work of art is at the same ti the product and the cause. At the very inception of the dispute which was to drag on for a quarter of a century betwe figurative and abstract arts, Surrealism was able to dismiss both parties unsuited: on the one hand, the effusive painte of conventionalized forms, on the other, the craftsmen of a language by means of which they hoped to solve the antino between the individual and the universal. In sharp contrast with the artists who entrusted their "message" to a s quantity of adequate words, other artists — who did not consider themselves as such — were bent on using words a shapes in an attempt to modify, if only for a moment, their relations to the universe. We know that painters and poe were among the first ones to jump over the fence on which the specialist had always kept close guard, intent as he w on preserving from sight the objects that belonged to the paraphernalia of ethnology, and that would hencefo pertain to the "primitive arts". Despite a certain lack of discrimination inevitably caused by the scarcity of the objects and by the fact that they had no birth certificates, the cubists were to electively discern in the African art an ec of their stylistic concern; Surrealism alone, however, was destined to project deep into the night that it was explori the fiery lights of a most cruel sun, reflected by the sculptures of the Americas and the Pacific Islands.



Eagle headdress, Tlingit or Haida, British Columbia (*lent by the Museum of Primitive Art, New Yor*

We must admit, indeed, from the very moment they were considered as objects of art, these products of primitive cultures lost many of their magic powers. African sculptures especially suffered this misfortune, some of them with a certain amount of complacency: the play of light on ivory, the patient stylisation of the mass — even where the object was a ritual sculpture — proved the existence of a certain concern for form that the cubists were quick in detecting. No wonder, therefore, that Breton and Eluard who, very early, were fascinated by the savage arts preferred to gather objects which had been spared this coarse seduction. From the Pacific islands came objects that the mirages of art for art could decidedly not set off to advantage. Better still, they were made of deadly smiles and cries of birds. The world into which they were born could easily pass for a nightmare thronged with nightblue feathers. There had the entire fauna of the Australian Great Barrier Reef left its shimmering lights, its creaking sounds, its whirlwinds. Towards the extreme North, a glittering laugh reigned supreme, borrowed from the ten months of the red night, while, in the Indian cosmology, the black gods of the pre-colombian mythology lived on, as powerful as always.

However, it was not enough that aesthetic criteria be routed. As soon as they became more familiar the sculptures grouped themselves according to the isles they originated from, and became linked with traditional types that illustrated a very specific conception of human life and of the world. We know that, through the refinements of polished wood, the African statuettes illustrated an animist conception which tries to preserve a certain order of the world in all the activities it undertakes. The static nature of such a conception directly belonged to a civilization of peasants, primarily concerned with the fecundity of both their descendants and their lands, the fecundity of nature which hostile forces could always jeopardize if one was not careful. Although there were many exceptions in Africa to this widely spread conception of the world (fetishes with iron nails, tellems, dance masks of the Ba-Djok) — and among these, the Surrealists were particularly attracted by the sculptures of the Baga — what was at stake in Oceania and the Americas was an altogether different dimension of the mind which had madly ventured into the jungles of dreams where scarlet birds rule.

From one shore of the Pacific to the other, from the Indian Archipelago to Araucania, including Melanesia, Australia, British Colombia and the Pueblos Indians — with the exception of a few Polynesian islands where probably a late autocratism of some sort had deeply modified the indigenous society — the same form of apprehension of the world manifests itself: a universe as impassioned as can be, usually composed of two complementary halves, a universe conceived as an androgyn, not a primordial androgyn as in the speculations of antique Mediterranean civilization, but a still present and active androgyn, every essential gesture of whom is a love drama. The state of interpenetration of the world in which man lives and of his personal idea of the world is such that this very pattern is apparent in the organization of society; sometimes it is more geometric, as is the case among the Navajos Indians whose sand designs are the compass-dial of a sacred space, and sometimes more openly sexualized, as in Australia or Melanesia. Nothing less than that was needed in order to colour with the hues of the marvelous the works which so manifestly expressed this high state of conscience. Perhaps Surrealism would not have become what it is had it not developed in the shade

Slit-gong head, New Hebrides (*lent by the Museum of Primitive Art, New York*)

of the malangas through whose branches the night breeze stole among networks of lianas and snakes. Some oceans, deep within the dark night of man, had been explored by the pirogues with a human head or by the wooden sharks within which the people of the Solomon Islands would place the skull of their dead. Here, we are made conscious of the deficiencies of our senses: it seems that, on the whole, Freud was the only one to tell us how pregnant with meaning appearances could be. For a long time, the poets had intuitively guessed it; we were warned: the pagan blood is coming back! Never were the totemist peoples afflicted with this near-sightedness which makes us see in appearances the only reality compatible with technical use. For them, as is the case in critical-paranoiac activities, there is no reality that is not ready to slip towards another and more revealing one. Perhaps it is given to sculpture to bring us some confirmation of this. But, whether the aim is ritual or not, what matters most is to witness this very objectization of a certain daily behaviour which has never ceased being that of Surrealism. For, as it has been said, the words are making love and, consequently, the very forms of the world are making love.

If appearances are not as simple as they seem, this could be due to a unique kind of distraction which, here, gives access o the daily magic, whereas, on the Pacific shores, it is subjected to the assault of the dead who come back inside a pink izard body. Let there be no misunderstanding: wonder is attained only at the very end, after staggering encounters at very turn of the path, inhabited by tree trunks. In the armpits of each branch, portholes look and see. The elders, who have left the village, roam by turns in the forest; they wear all their ornaments, the ornament for the day sea-slugs are extolled, the ornament for the dance of the shark and the ornament for war, which cuts off the hearts of women. Actually, t is not essential to make clear whether the injunctions of the dream, fiercely discussed with the spirits by those who are used to, concern the way in which the Clan should perform their major actions or only the erection of a ritual sculpture, when this sculpture assumes the dimensions of a public event. In this respect, had Surrealism claimed that it could transpose, by means of a deceptive three-dimensional representation of dream images, the Oceanian sculptors' intentions, then we have to admit that it would have painfully felt the limitations which transformed Dali's own intentions into an individual venture, the necessity of which his friends alone could perceive at the time when t took place. Although it is less discreet, however, the figurative representation resorted to by the sculptors living on the Pacific shores is nonetheless confronted with a public judgment through which its essential characteristics are compared with those of a legendary teaching. It is through this judgment that the fidelity to a style is preserved in an art which remains traditional. The extreme freedom that, visibly, exists within these stylistic domains tends, more than anything else, to make them appear as the rules of a grammar of the forms, this grammar alone being fit to account for the idioms of each people. When Dali defined this conception for himself and although he was probably little aware of the existence of the sculptures found in British Colombia and Melanesia, he was less than anyone else free from the bonds of such an idiom, since it is known that he borrowed from the European painters of the 17th century one of the recipes through which



Standing figure, Marquesas Islands (*lent by the Museum of Primitive Art, New York*)

our eye has been accustomed to be deceived. What may, at that time, have been felt as a revelation, was lighted from within by an aurora borealis that borrowed from dreams its gestures of volence and its mother-of-pearl humour.

On the trajectory of dreams, the specters of the wolf and the frog give each other a leg up the great totems of the Western Coast, in the same way as they climb up the exquisite corpses (cadavres exquis) of Surrealism. Surrealism has replaced mythology with psychic automatism. By bringing together remote species — provided they were legitimate — it hoped to give life to a spirit more igneous than its isolated components. We know that in Australia, New Britain and in all other areas where the great totems prevailed, this practice of surrealist alchemy constituted, under more obscure names, the very pattern of life, adorned with bleeding flowers and bird-of-paradise feathers. In order to prove, by way of example, the fecundity of this method — and this long before Roheim's and Winthuis' works were known–the First Surrealist Manifesto proclaimed: "Surrealism will usher you into Death which is a secret society", words that might have been uttered by a high ranking initiate of the New Hebrides several times deceased through the intercession of the bolt of lightning which flashes between lovers. This death, multiplied through the successive initiations of native "secret societies" — the secret concerns only the ritual and its psychic results —, was proved in Australia more forcefully than anywhere else, to have destroyed the natural conditions of a young man and to have reconstituted him in the shape of a living lingam, after a death which was all the more gory for being symbolic. A vertiginous boldness is needed to carry the revolt against empirical existence to such a degree of fury; the transformation cannot be distinguished from a ritual in which the great officiating priests are spirits clad in painted wooden garments. In the network of their embroideries one can decipher the major nuptuals of which the young initiate becomes the image. The use thus made of the object is the latter's only justification. Whereas it regans in dramatic powers much more that what it lost in seduction to shopwindows' wares, the condition of life here make it so that the object's efficiency is limited either to its author or to a narrow group of people. And the audience which recently attended the "Execution of the Marquis de Sade's Will" by Jean Benoit gives the most optimistic idea of such a group.

The only reality is that of the operation, of the process. The magical art of Surrealism may have periodically felt the need to put its strength to a test, to brace up its revolt by plunging into the spirit of the peoples who were immune from the usual compromises with hell. What, in Freudian terminology, is called the sublimation of instinct is still named initiation among the Tarahumaras, from whom Artaud received it, among the Brazilian Indians, with whom Benjamin Péret visited, among the Navajos, through whose sand paintings meteors flash in Wolfgang Paalen's cosmogonies, among the Eskimo Shamans whose trances Victor Brauner seems to reproduce. Automatism undergoes its own death before donning the mask which ensures its victory over the Saturnian Princes. For a second, the Jackdaw will carry you on its wing with an aventurine stone.

Vincent Bounoure

**Male ancestor figure, Easter Island** ***(lent by the Museum of Primitive Art, New York)***

# SURREALISM, JACKSON POLLOCK, AND LYRIC-ABSTRACTION

Observed from high above, from the porthole of some astronaut of aesthetics or by the eye of some Martian specialising in art criticism, the development of modern art offers no doubt a spectacle of successive and regular waves, each chasing the one preceding and occupying the beach. . . . Meanwhile, some observers have been able to discover in all this superficial and majestic agitation of the oceans the periodic return of a powerful, deeper movement, as if the sea desired to remind us that she is more than a puerile play of ndulations. Why shouldn't modern art also recognise, as the sea, her own ground-swell which the fascinating remue-ménage of foam hides from the spectator?

The spectacular effervescence provoked by what Europe calls "L'Abstraction-Lyrique" and America calls "Abstract-Expressionism" too often succeeds in veiling the movement of that deep surge that, for forty years, has never ceased expanding its dynamic domain: Surrealism. All the same, Surrealism becomes more and more indispensable, even to its declared adversaries. Without it one understands less fully its opposite: Abstract-Geometric Art, and one understands not at all that hazardous child: Lyric-Abstraction itself.

The New York public, of whom I think in writing this, knows well what filiation attaches its most resounding painter, Jackson Pollock, to Surrealism. Thus I make no pretension of teaching them what that is, but simply intend relating Pollock, as clearly as possible, with the past and present of Surrealism. The fact that I choose this painter as example and reference shows sufficiently, I think, jn what esteem I hold him.

That the "drip-painting" of Pollock was born of the contemplation of canvases by Max Ernst and André Masson is an important fact, since it makes us aware of the transmission of an artistic phenomenon of prime importance: automatism. André Masson, who was the first to make automatic drawings and considers himself, for this reason, a pioneer, nevertheless incorporated only the most superficial form of automatism, the least convincing: all occurring in superficial zig-zags, without any profound necessity, with a decorative complacency, on the surface of the paper or the canvas. And automatism never had more value for Masson than that of some mouldy cubisms, some expressionist details, some recipes of impressionism or of Chinese painting.

It began somewhat differently with Max Ernst, especially at the epoch of his American sojourn, which corresponds with the apex of his work (as one can judge by comparing the stunning canvases of 1942-1946 with the work of his later years). For Max Ernst the systematic recourse to processes destined to "force inspiration" was not guided, as for Masson, by aesthetic decorative intentions. It was a matter of violently accelerating and expanding the creative powers of the imagination, deliberately oriented towards the fantastic. The use of such means as "collage", "frottage", "decalcomania", etc. is in this respect in every way comparable to the stimulation that poets, from Baudelaire to Antonin Artaud, from Rimbaud to Henri Michaux, had demanded from the "artificial paradises", from Hashish to psilocybine. Procedures purely lyric in essence, consequently based on the certitude that the artistic spirit is all powerful, since it can invent anything while remaining master of its inventions. And, just as such visions were of little import to Rimbaud if he could not integrate them into a poem, so the coloured blotch was of little import to Max Ernst unless it engendered or suggested a vision of the "never-seen".

If Pollock discovered automatism through Masson and Max Ernst, it was however through works in which automatism was not the essential. For those works utilised automatism without drowning in it. By retaining the technical process without embracing the creative intention, Pollock seemed to restore all importance to creative automatism, to the detriment of those objectives the contemporary art critic generally calls "literary" — except in such cases as

Guernica or Broadway Boogie-Woogie. Thus there is no lack of people ready to declare that Pollock has in some way "purified" surrealist automatism, that he has disembarrassed it of its dross and returned it to its original vigour, according to the famous definition in the First Manifesto of Surrealism of 1924. In short, as one French critic did for Hartung, Pollock should have been acclaimed the only true surrealist. Everybody, at heart, imagines himself one day or another to be the most surrealist of surrealists: charming caprice of our epoch. . . .

One has not yet conceived an apparatus, to be employed as familiarly as the Geiger Counter, which will detect the exact proportion of automatism versus calculation in a canvas. While waiting for this invention, which, placed in service, would involve the immediate ruin of a good part of the edifice of contemporary criticism, it might be well to remember that Masson and Max Ernst, very fortunately for that matter, are not the only surrealist painters, and the names of several others may be summoned to cast further light on the problem of automatism.

If one is to render full value to that word, as accorded by the Surrealists, it must be agreed that the only work that may be considered automatic is that work that will profit from automatism not only in minor elements of decor, but the totality of its "rhythm", the tonality of its "song", the originality of its "vision". The more, in short, the work will be "given" to the painter the closer we are to "pure" automatism (but only if the adjective "pure" is not absolutely opposed to the reality of true automatism, profoundly rooted in the subconscious). It is therefore in the work of Joan Miro, of Hans Arp, of Matta, of Paalen, of Gorky, that we have a chance to encounter the most striking incarnations of that fully creative automatism, because it is in accord with the most secret pulsions of the artist.

What is it then that separates the work of Pollock from that of Gorky, Paalen, Matta, Arp, Miró? To the profane eye, it would at once appear that Pollock does not seek, most of the time, to represent anything in his canvas. And yet the canvas from which a head has just grimaced is no more "abstract" than a good number of those by the Surrealists just enumerated. The difference lies elsewhere. In that sort of austerity, of fidelity to the materials, of a politics of non-intervention in the accidents of the splatters? That would be to ignore the refinements of the whites, of the blues, of the yellows, which make of many Pollocks precious "compositions" from which the aesthetic sense is far from being banished. Well, then?

First of all, perhaps, the painting of Pollock may be much more epic than lyric. Lyricism is a certain fashion of regarding oneself, or of regarding things through oneself. Whatever the personality of Pollock, there is in his painting something that transcends the individual, that even ignores him: it is a painting on the edge of a continent, and of a new continent, haunted by violence and dynamism and drunk with its own space, dizzy with the vertigo of its own vitality. In the gesture of Pollock sowing the paint on his canvas placed on the ground, there is the pride of a god creating the earth, pride of a priest assuring fecundity, pride of a pioneer preparing the first harvest. The enterprise of Pollock, in a sense, is of the order of a "Western" — that forever incomplete epic of the conquest of terrestrial space and its laws. For the work of Pollock is earthy, geographic, and, not cosmic as the paintings of Matta, of Paalen, or the admirable "constellations" of Miró.

Differing from that of Pollock, the stance of Gorky is fully lyric. Automatism guides him like a will-o'-the-wisp, an interrogation directed to the exterior world the elements of which, under scrutiny, become diaphanous and then integral with the conscience, the existence, the flesh of the artist. The canvases of Gorky seem to have been painted in a dream: something impalpable, misty, unreal, impregnates their singed colours cut by the sharp graphism of assured mastery. With Gorky as with most of the other surrealist painters, each painting is a passionate hypothesis in response to a profound uncertainty, a fundamental doubt of the reality of life, or the grounds for social, moral, sentimental restraints. There is always the business of answering the Kantian triple interrogation of Gauguin: "Where do we come from? Who are we? Where are we going?" With Pollock we find an affirmation, something like: I paint, therefore I am . . .

In short, and without contesting the disquietude which Pollock shares with all great creators, the fashion by which he reduces automatism to a gesture, to an act (and, to this extent, the term of action-painting is strongly judicious and revealing) detours from that ambition of the Surrealists "to express . . . the real functioning of thought". To be sure, Robert Lebel has persuaded us that each work of art can be considered as a "conduct", a fashion of comportment, and Pollock brilliantly confirms this thesis. But in his conduct, he has wished to pass on to acts, more than to explore the marvels of the subterranean world. Psychoanalytically, Pollock represents the attempt to sublimate into vital energy the anarchic tenancies of the subconscious, which would be a sign of an equilibrium of the conscious-unconscious, rarely attained. That equilibrium, moreover, he does not attain, so strong is his will to power, the desire to impose his personality on himself, on others, and on the exterior world.

In short, with Pollock, automatism finds itself carried to the extremes of exteriorisation, Certainly, the stance remains absolutely authentic, and there is no question, in his case, of a fictitious and decorative utilisation of automatic resources as in the case of Masson or of Mathieu for example. All the same, and striking as his desire may be to succeed on the level of conscious activity, Pollock violently affirms the creative supremacy of the forces of the subconscious; unless he is a decorator deprived of all sincerity, the painter, in such a situation, obeys his work more than he imposes his will upon it. Blow of the battering ram against the worm-eaten gate of rationalist aestheticisms, the work of Pollock, nevertheless, closes the way which it had opened: beyond there is nothing but nothingness, the virgin canvas. Would it be, as some hasten to affirm, that the "revolving stage of Pollock-automatism" has ended its dramatic cycle?

Here, it becomes necessary no longer to refer to the lone and limited case of Pollock, but to the entire ensemble of "Lyric-Abstraction", so prodigal of talents on both sides of the Atlantic. All that has passed, during the last fifteen years, is as if these painters have performed a trick with the heritage of Surrealism, such as it was between the years 1935 and 1944 or thereabouts. And, a curious thing, the result of this trick is obviously always the same: from Surrealism one retains the easier processes, the most convenient, the most spectacular, while rejecting the profound demands, the "inner necessity", the poetic experience. I realise that at this point someone will claim that lyric-abstraction does not all derive from Surrealism. It is evident that the work of Tobey is much more caligraphic, which is to say more recherché and premeditated than it is automatic. But so far as Kandinsky is concerned, that prodigious precursor in his works of 1910-1914, I do not think his example played any direct role, except with such pioneers as Hans Hartung or Carl Buchheister, largely because after all the founder of the "Blaue Reiter" was never preoccupied in finding any theoretic justification to his sometimes flagrant recourse to automatism (there is a shadow zone the mystery of which will, perhaps, never be clarified).

In relation to Surrealism proper, Lyric-Abstraction constitutes, very definitely, a heresy. I use the expression in the particular sense of a movement practising within the framework of a great spiritual community and which, nevertheless, by refusing to subscribe to certain essential points of the doctrine, cannot but place itself outside.

Certainly, at first sight, the formal audacity of the lyric-abstractionists occasionally succeeds in renewing the scandal of the "ready-made" of Duchamp, the "Sainte Vierge" of Picabia a simple ink blot, in 1921 the "collages" and "frottages" of Max Ernst, the first Dalis, the "papiers déchirés" of Arp . . . But the benefit of scandal no longer favours a revolutionary conception of art and of life. More and more it serves a purely aesthetic ambition, when it is not directed toward the personal publicity of the artist (Mathieu, Hundertwasser, Yves Klein). Especially in the last case scandal serves obviously to ruin a somnolent and peaceful art. Is that enough? For, from the moment the artist refuses to admit that poetic and artistic denunciation of conformism must go hand in hand with denunciation of moral and social conformism, thus disassociating creation and revolt, he cannot fail but become a more or less shameful accomplice of the worst social and political reaction. The corrupting role of money should not here be underestimated, and for my part I formally contest the opinion of Robert Lebel who affirms that "venal value is the only objective sign of a work of

art, its ascension to the sacred".

But, aside from this divergence on the moral level, it goes without saying that there is a profound dissension from the function itself of a work of art that is at the base of this heresy. That "Cela sert à être beau" of Théophile Gautier has never been considered as sufficient by the surrealists. For, perhaps without confessing it clearly, most of the abstract painters are satisfied with this, the deepest justification for the existence of their work, that which is beautiful is beautiful, and how can it not be beautiful since it is new! The surrealist painters are at once more modest and more exacting. Of their work, or more exactly of the exercise of painting, they demand, not only a canvas more or less successful, more or less exalting, but a sort of revelation, a discovery. It is in this way that works that are not automatic, such as by de Chirico or Magritte, and in another realm of ideas the work of Duchamp, are of a purely surrealist nature: because the meditation which gave them birth results in a sort of sudden illumination (The writings of de Chirico are particularly probatory in this regard) and not in a calculation resting entirely on the relations of forms and colors. Between these painters and Miro, Matta or Paalen, there is in short the same difference as between the famous "'Kubla Khan" of S.T. Coleridge and the "Chants de Maldoror" of Isidore Ducasse; since Coleridge in his sleep received the poem already made, Lautréamont had to create by himself a climate favorable to the revelation by means of "automatic writing". In the first instance one can speak of involuntary automatism, by which the vision precedes the intention, whereas voluntary automatism sees itself constrained to give birth to a psychic ambient by grace of which he can discover his vision step by step at the same time as he creates it.

Thus, for example, a work as studied as "La Mariée mise à nu par ses célibataires, même" can be explained, — a work of elaboration and meticulous execution over a long period of years by a man of sharp and scrupulous intelligence, guarantees us its perfect coherence, altho it is in fact the most confusing work of the XX century, it is at the same time the most revealing. Paradoxical as this may seem, I believe nobody has been more mystified by that work than Marcel Duchamp himself, who cannot but know himself in it and yet not find himself in it: it is the "I am another" of Rimbaud. Such also, more abruptly, is the case of the surrealist period of Giacometti, creating his works "under the dictatorship of the unconscious" since, like Coleridge, it was only a matter for him to "recopy" (but in three dimensions) that which he dreamed. Involuntary automatism, the visionary power of which seems fabulous (perhaps it is to this we owe especially "inspired" works of Bosch, Fuseli, Goya) does not haunt the same places for long: in this it is like the "ecstasy" of the mystics which seems to obey capricious designs.

This digression leads me intentionally to this conclusion: it is that, first of all, in borrowing certain processes from Surrealism the abstract painters have captured nothing (processes are for everybody, and the Surrealists made no mistake in proclaiming this). On the contrary, by placing themselves on the plane of automatism, they have both manifested their filiation in regard to the plastic renewal represented by Surrealism, and at the same time shown their timidity in exploring that unknown territory discovered by it (S.): they have borrowed the horses of the Sun and have used them to plow their little garden in which they sowed carrots . . . that is a strange way by which to get ahead of Surrealism, one must admit.

Naively, because they had been assured that the Surrealists made bad paintings, they believed they would restore automatism to "true painting". But, seriously, is Pollock a better painter than Matta, de Kooning than Gorky, Tomlin than Paalen, Gottlieb than Richard Oelze? And I have said nothing of Max Ernst, nor of Hans Arp, nor of Joan Miró, the true founders of surrealist painting: if one cannot deny that there are certain plastic failings in the first named (in his current work, for example), the two others are perhaps the least likely of any contemporary artists to commit a graphic or chromatic error (one cannot say as much for Picasso, nor for Matisse, nor for Braque, and least of all for the execrable Fernand Léger).

Some others have sincerely thought they could take up the relay on the pictorial level. The effect of success achieved by these painters, issue of Surrealism, was sooner or later to loosen the lines that attached them to the collective activity of the movement: but, it is a natural law, regularly, new painters took up the relay from those who departed or disappeared. Most recently, the vertigo of Lyric-Abstraction has seduced the surrealists Riopelle and Hantai: one cannot say that their "abstract" prowess has surpassed in brilliance their surrealist work; rather, especially with the second, it is the contrary. But here is the question which I have awaited from the beginning: "What does Surrealist painting offer us today? What new names? What new orientation?"

I will not undertake to praise nor to describe those who, during recent years, have proposed to follow a tradition so rich and so pregnant. I would rather mention what the new constellation opposes. Instead of the purulent realism of Albright, the grimacing of Buffet, the poverty of Sharrer, — the subversive imagery of Clovis Trouille, the provoking imagery of Pierre Molinier. Instead of the abject symbolism of Siqueiros, — the disconcerting visions of Maréchal ("Dans New-York, anciennement: Stalingrad"). Instead of the platitudes of Burgoyne Dillen or of Stuart Davis, — the miraculous geometry of Laloy. Instead of the deglutonising dung of certain "informels", — the melodious and rigorous graphism of Robert Lagrade, the sensitive architecture of Adrien Dax, the vibrant color expression of Yves Elléouet. Instead of the superficial play of a Dubuffet, — the phantomatic and vaporous world of Toyen. Finally the hymn in adoration of Woman signed by Max-Walter Svanberg and the fabulous "cartoons", of extravagant humor, by Friederich-Schröder Sonnenstern. If I say nothing of Jean Benoit or of Mimi Parent, it is because from them I hope for the unhoped for.

Almost all these painters are young, or little known. But they show that Surrealism has not said its last word in the artistic domain, nor is it content to repeat itself. I think, in fact, considering its influence and the movements derived from it, it is about to reconsider its own originality.

This brings us back to evidence that has not yet struck most observers, brilliant as they have sometimes been while dedicating their attention to these problems: that is that Surrealism cannot be surpassed except by Surrealism. And it has been naiveté or ignorance on the part of those who thought they might go farther . . . by going less deep. The work of Pollock, like that of many others we could name, finds itself, in spite of everything, on the margin and not beyond Surrealism. Lyric-Abstraction has proved, and will continue to prove, that automatism, war-machine of Surrealism, has an essential significance. It is a question of more than a simple recipe, no matter how seductive, such as the colour construction of Fauvism, the architecture in planes of Cubism, the vertical-horizontal harmony of Neo-Plasticism, etc. It is a question of the discovery of a hidden but constant fountainhead of artistic expression which, in certain epochs, has proved its astonishing powers, in places and domains as different as the Easter Islands, Mayan sculpture, Elizabethan theatre, German Romanticism. . . . Surrealism represents above all the systematic will to bring to light the function and import of that fountainhead, not only because one sees there the true source of poetic and artistic inspiration, but because therein resides the possibility for man of reconciliation with himself.

It does not much matter if one or another of us imagines he incarnates the "surpassing", or the "relay", or merely "the true heritage" of Surrealism. Since Surrealism today clearly establishes that there is no need to open the "succession" of Surrealism yesterday. It does not much matter, since Surrealism offers many other possibilities to exploit. It does not much matter, finally, since in the tumultuous surge of the tide that plunged Pollock, his American comrades, and their European counterparts into that great adventure of Lyric-Abstraction was, and still is, the same voice that speaks from the depths, — the voice of liberty.

JOSE PIERRE
Le Havre, May 26, 1960
Translated by J. L.

"RENDEZ-VOUS AVEC LES REVES"

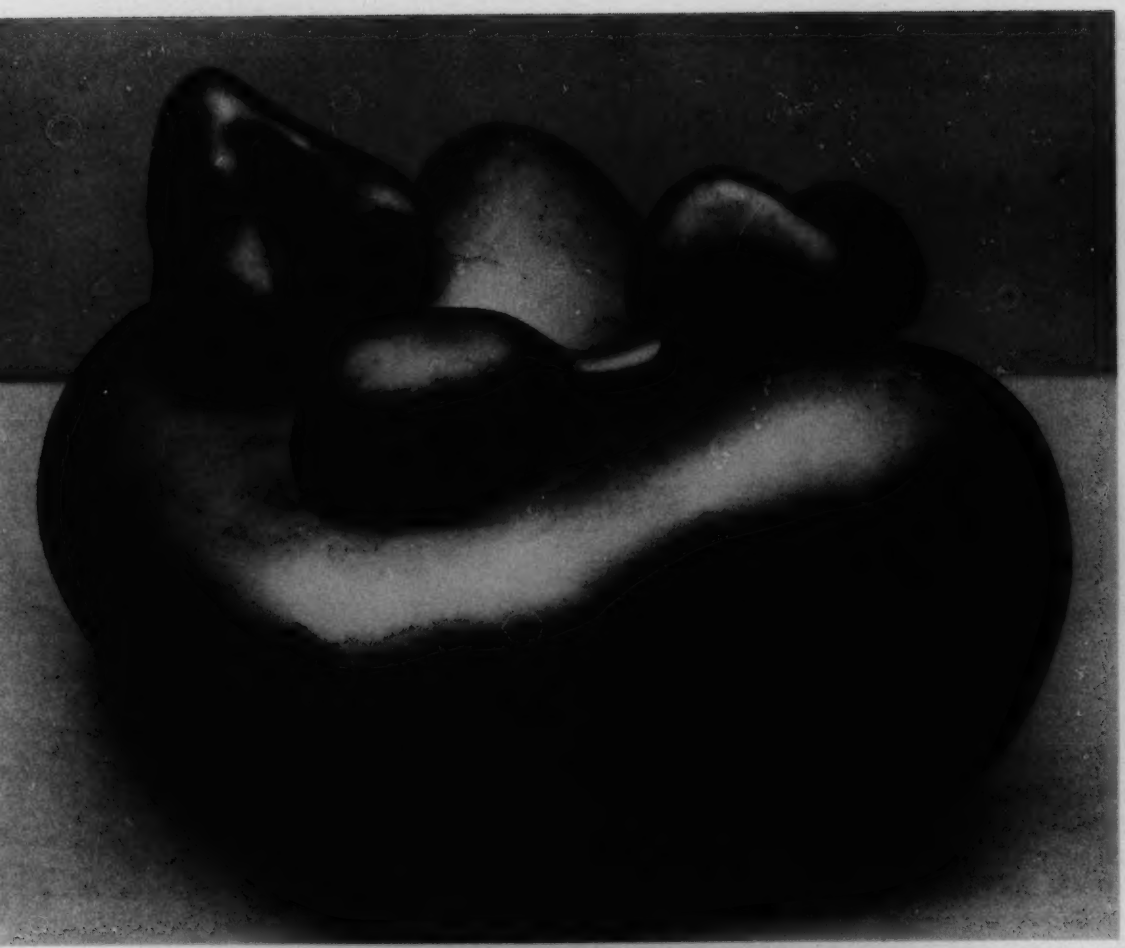
# CATALOGUE

## JEAN-MARIE ALBAGNAC

Born in Saint-Etienne (France), in 1931. Engraver.

**Albagnac's road leads him along the border between inner torment and graphic self-assurance. Unremittingly, agony and serenity fight each other and pathetic individuals unfailingly affront the threats of an inhospitable universe. Here and there, an undulatory rhythm, like an extravagant virtuoso, finds again the whirpool-like elegance of Beardsley and Gustav Klimt.**

**JOSE PIERRE**



HEAD WITH THREE DISAGREEABLE OBJECTS," 1952 *(lent by Sidney Janis)*

Born in Strasbou
art. After having
of the Blaue Reit
he took refuge in
Dada movement
the well-known
the "laws of cho
fronts, forks, shi
Tauber. As from
reached a pleni
works are speci
tri-dimensional
and subtle poet
humour is a tens

**Art is a fruit t
child in its mo
sculpture free
President in dr
nature, not the
substitute for r**

**Arp's "reliefs'
nimbleness of
"reliefs" which
of love . . . the
me the chance
possible to tak**

**For Arp, art is**

# HANS ARP

urg in 1887. On his first trip to Paris, in 1904, he discovered the new trends in modern
g studied in Weimar, he met Kandinsky in Zurich and, in 1912, took part in the activities
iter movement. In 1914, Arp escaped army draft by simulating mental deficiency and
n Switzerland where he experimented with papiers collés. One of the founders of the
t in Zurich, he dedicated himself to wood engraving. This led him, little by little, to
period when, by means of a technique using reliefs on wood carved according to
ance", he would remove familiar objects from their usual surroundings · clocks, shirt-
rts with navels. Thereafter, he settled in Meudon in the company of his wife, Sophie
n 1930, he took down his reliefs from the walls, made sculptures "in the round" and
tude of sensuality that transcended the monumental: Torsoes, Concretions, etc. These
ifically Surrealist in nature and Duchamp could say that they constitute "a kind of
pun, that which the female body could have been". Moreover, Arp is an exuberant
t, in love with the realm of nature, ("the trees make their birds to order") whose
se form of wonder (Le Siège de l'Air, 1915-1945).

ROBERT BENAYOUN

**nat grows in a man, like a fruit on a plant or a
ther's womb. Only in our time did painting and
themselves from the look of a mandolin, of a
ess coat, of a battle and of a landscape. I love
e substitutes for it. Naturalist, illusionist art is a
nature.**

**HANS ARP**

**', which partake of the heaviness and of the
a sparrow alighting on a telegraph wire, these
, in their skillful coloration, borrow all the ravages
se hard or tender curls, all these best sum up for
s of generality of the particular, which makes it
e least account of the variant.**

**ANDRE BRETON**

**Arp.** **MARCEL DUCHAMP**

# ENRICO BAJ

Born in 1924 in Milano where he still lives and works. Promoter, in 1951, of the "Movim
he published, in 1952, in Brussels, a first "Manifest" of nuclear painting. In 1953 and 1
ing Asger Jorn, and Edouard Jaguer, he came into contact with various experiment
ments born at the border between lyric abstractionism and Surrealism. He publi
"Il Gesto". It is mostly thanks to the polemical turbulence that Baj brought to the '
ment" that Italian art escaped the conformist quicksands in which it nearly disapp
war. To these aspects, closely akin to futurism, however, Baj's work added a new di
humour, that relates it directly to Surrealism.

**With Baj, an insolent gnome combs, like a giant wave, the round machinery. His head is directly mounted on legs, a sort of biped mask whose obsessing presence evokes the painter himself: a pair of eyes that two legs are luring into the adventure of colours . . . And here again, the gnome transformed himself into a werewolf and threatens to swallow the moon whose presence one can guess on the other side of the tapestry.**

**JOSE PIERRE**

ento Nucleare",
1954, after meet-
al artistic move-
ished a review:
"Nuclear Move-
peared after the
mension: poetic

"LA BELLE ALICE," 1959

# HANS BELLMER

"TOILE," 1958

Born in Kattowitz in 1902. As early as 1934, his drawings described in black the ambiguous forms of desire. Their condensation into the objective world gave life to the Doll, an adolescent girl hinged on knee-caps, whose dislocations, metamorphoses and titivations were shown in 3 photographic albums (Die Puppe, 1934; La Poupée, 1936; Les Jeux de la Poupée, with texts by Paul Eluard, 1949). Since 1936, Bellmer has taken part in Surrealist shows. He settled in France after having fled from Nazi Germany in 1938. Experimenting still further, not only in the field of shapes – all of them being convertible into each other as soon as desire undertakes to coincide with its object – but also in that of daily occurrences, Bellmer offered in his book "L'Anatomie de l'Image" (1957) some of the basic objective elements of a mechanics of the imaginary world.

VINCENT BOUNOURE

**Whenever INTUITION and CHANCE seem to act independently from each other, but with a convergence of purposes in relation to the "self", the impact of this double intervention results in a strange multiplication of the conscience. Without my making any effort, a reversible function has been established: between the unconscious "self" and blind chance, between the INDIVIDUAL and the UNIVERSE.**

**HANS BELLMER**

# GUIDO BIASI

**As if coming out of the wood of an antique altar-piece, deliberately abandoned to the perversity of wood-worms and to the rigours of weather, amoebic farandoles appear: Guido Biasi rediscovers here the spirit of the ancient dances of Death, although the human shape, whenever it dares cross these worm-eaten thresholds, can barely hide, under its foetal or ghostly aspect, the precarious fate that awaits it in this merry abode, in the shadow of virus in blossom.**

**EDOUARD JAGUER**

**"LE TOMBEAU MATERNEL," 1960**

Born in Naples, in 1933. In 1956, he participated in the activities of the "Movement of Nuclear Painting", that was founded some years later in Milano by E. Baj. Out of the close contacts that movement had with other vanguard groups in Milano, and, later, in France and Belgium, the "Group 58" was to be born in Naples. In 1959, it published "Documento-Sud", a review linked to the "Phases" movement, oriented towards the methodical exploration of the various aspects of Surrealist painting and of "automatist" research. Biasi is living in Paris.

# VICTOR BRAUNER

Born in Piatra-Naemtz, Romania, in 1903. Spent his childhood with his father, a spiritist. He revolted very early against his family, and he led the Romanian "avant-garde" movements. His first exhibition took place in 1924 in Bucharest. Brauner was already the theorician of the "picto-poetry", in which lies the justification of his whole work. He arrived in Paris in 1930; a self-portrait, painted in 1932, represented him with an enucleated left eye, exactly as an accident would leave him six years later. He adhered to Surrealism and went back to Romania where he remained four years (1934-1938). Back in Paris, Brauner was constantly followed by the sleepwalkers and the chimeras. In 1943, having taken refuge near Gap, he discovered wax painting and candle drawing. He took part in the 1947 Surrealist show where he exhibited his "wolf-table". Although he is always solicited by all the resources and all the mysteries of artistic creation, he considers painting primarily as a language that he endeavours to make as dense as possible. In order to apprehend the contents of his canvases, however, which are both magnetic and secret, an acute poetic availability is required.

ALAIN JOUBERT

**"The powers of imagination which, in Surrealism, have favoured Brauner more than anybody else, enabled him to take up his abode in the very center of the "dangerous landscape" where come to meet him the unwonted beings who haunt the spaces underlying human life, and who hold the threads of flashing correspondences and of premonitions."**

**ANDRE BRETON**

"EGO, ID AND AND...," 1939

# AGUSTIN CARDENAS

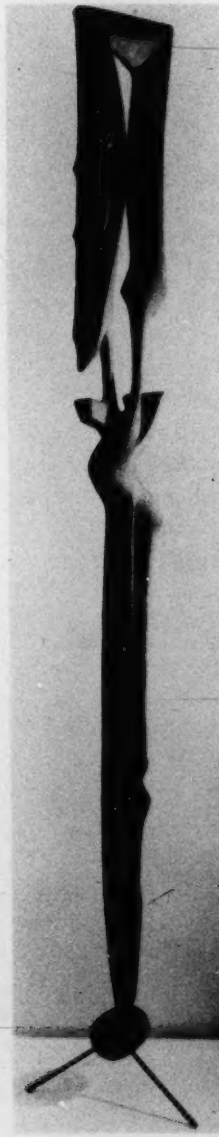
Born in Maximo Gomes (Cuba) in 1927. From 1941 to 1949 he studied sculpture at the Havana Art School. Deeply influenced by the works of Brancusi, Moore and Arp, he creates, in 1953, his first totems, sculptures characterized by their slim and graceful vertical flight. Has been living in Paris since 1952.

**Here is, spouting from his fingers the great totem in bloom, better than a saxophone to arch the waists of the belles.**

**ANDRE BRETON**

**Playing the game of solid and hollow, Cardenas shows some sort of solemn mirth, by that natural nobility that distinguishes his work from all others, ignores trite familiarity and blossoms into eulogy for haughty and fraternal "spirits".**

**JOSE PIERRE**



"SCULPTURE"

# LEONORA CARRINGTON

Born in Lancashire (England), in 1917 – her father was Chairman of the Imperial Chemical. She started drawing at the age of 4. At 19, she studied art at the atelier of Amédée Ozenfant, the famous purist. In 1937, Léonora Carrington met Max Ernst, who will illustrate her first collection of stories: La Dame Ovale (The Oval Lady). Ever since, her paintings, as well as her poetical work, have been endowed with strange hallucinatory powers, backed by lofty humour. At present, she lives in Mexico.

JOSE PIERRE

**"The right eye's duty is to dive inside the telescope while the left eye interrogates the microscope".** **LEONORA CARRINGTON**

**Léonora Carrington, the sorceress of Mexico, says:**
**"Black I am, and much admired**
**Men go after me until they are weary**
**I exhaust the horse, I exhaust man**
**Solve this enigma if you can."** **BENJAMIN PERET**

"NOBO MUMMY AND NOBO DADDY," 1959

"THE AMUSEMENTS OF A YOUNG GIRL" *(lent by James Thrall Soby)*

# GIORGIO DE CHIRICO

Born in Volo, Greece, in 1888, Giorgio de Chirico is the son of a Thessalian engineer, specialized in railroad construction. In Athens, as a student of the Art School, Chirico soon felt the influence of the romantic landscapes of Kaspar David Friedrich. At the Munich Royal Academy, where he studied in 1905, he repressed his national affinities, and was deeply influenced by Arnold Boecklin, Klinger and, probably, Alfred Kubin, and he found in Nietsche's work the revelation of the unconscious forms of inspiration. In 1911, in Paris, he turned his back on the Cubist and Futurist movements and perceived "the first ghosts of a more exhaustive art, an art which is deeper, more complicated, or to sum it up in one word, more metaphysical". Then came, one by one, the famous periods of the Arcade (1911-1914: L'énigme de l'heure, Mélancolie et Mystère d'une Rue), the Ghosts (Le Cerveau de l'Enfant, 1914), the Manikins (1915-1916: Le Duc, Le Vaticinateur, Les deux soeurs), the metaphysical Interiors (1916-1917: Mélancolie du Départ). Modern art was overwhelmed by the enigma of these congealed spectres, uncouth panoplies, delirious perspectives and urban departures, where oedipian time throws a strange light on the shadows themselves. As from 1918, Chirico has repeatedly disowned his so-called metaphysical works and has spent his time plagiarizing the great painters, although, once in a while, he has crudely imitated his own former masterpieces. He has written some tales and poems, an essay on Courbet and a fascinating allegorical novel, Hebdomeros (1926).

ROBERT BENAYOUN

**"The long zinc evening glove, which the somber breeze of an urban afternoon rocked over the door of the shop, revealed to me . . . the hermetic signs of a new melancholy". CHIRICO**

# CORNEILLE

(Corneille Beverlo) was born in Liè
as Rimbaud and Lautréamont, he
unfurled more or less like those traj
canvases, in a tangle of experiences
in 1948, Asger Jorn, which brought
group "Reflex", and later of the "
found in his oils of 1948, to the e
Corneille's paintings has been stea

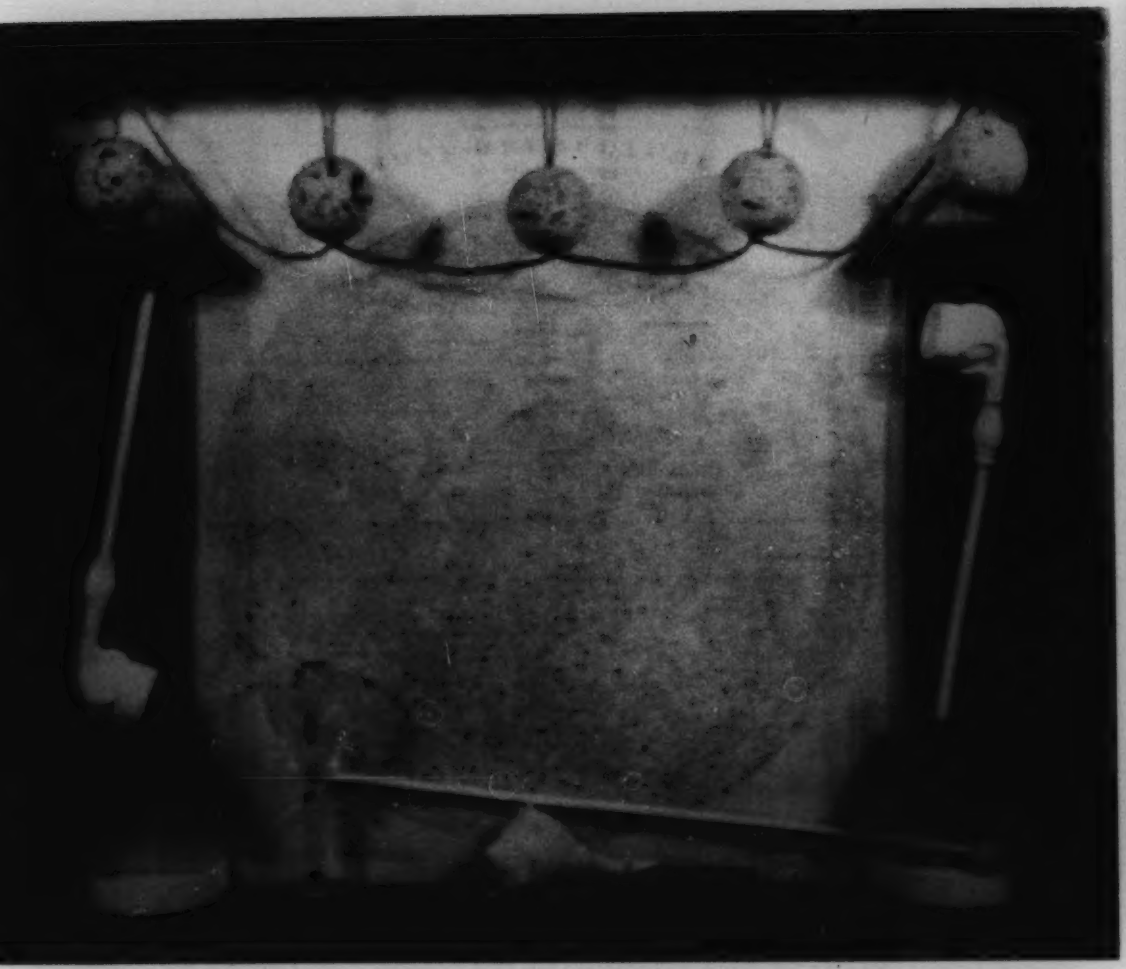
**In all his paintings, Corneille expre
to elicit the truth of every possible
from our numbed perception by the
and vision, free to wander out aim
of colours. Here or there, one will
taste of the fruit picked on the tree
at noon, this throbbing mask of th**

ge, in 1922, of Dutch parents. Since 1947, when at the same time discovered Surrealist painting through Mirò and Ernst, his life ectories of insects or those bird migrations which abound in his and travels. In 1947, he met Constant, Appel and Rooskens, and, him to participate in the creation of the Dutch experimental Cobra" movement. From the recreations, of a "naivist" nature, xtreme complexity of his present work, the lyrical tension in dily increasing.

**sses with serenity his decision**
**concrete development, hidden**
**e multiple circuits of existence**
**lessly in a faun-like stampede**
**always find this acid and cool**
**, this ardent danse of insects**
**e beehive at night . . .**

**EDOUARD JAGUER**

"LA MER SAUVAGE," 1958



"MONO-OBERFLAECHE" *(lent by Mr. & Mrs. Arnold Maremont)*



Born in N
1932, he
Decembe
transpare

With so
principl
fectly: i
astute p
penter
analogi

# JOSEPH CORNELL

New York, in 1904. In 1930, he discovered with enthusiasm Max Ernst's La Femme 100 têtes. In exhibited some "collages" at Julien Levy's, where his first one man show took place in er 1939. Inside little glass boxes, he sets out the dreams born of his familiar obsessions. These ent cages are the quiet denial of time and death. Cornell lives in Flushing, New York.

JOSE PIERRE

vereign skill, Cornell combines and equilibrates diverse es of pleasure that nobody had ever sheaved so per- nterpretation of chance encounters, inspired odd-jobs, playfulness, enumeration and classification mania. Car- of the dreams, window-dresser of enchantments, his cal deductions often evoke Raymond Roussel's methods.

EDOUARD JAGUER

# SALVADOR DALI

Born in Figueras, in 1904. He was a friend of Federico Garcia Lorca. Arrived in Paris in 1929, and adhered to Surrealism. Influenced by Magritte and Tanguy. His humour, of a rare aggressivity ("Sometimes, and by sheer pleasure, I spit on my mother's portrait") and his impressing philósophical culture enabled him to proceed with the exhaustive exploitation of sexual obsessions, in order to cause high-power scandals. Movie-maker, he collaborated with Luis Bunuel on "Le Chien Andalou" (1929) and "L'Age d'Or". He published "La Femme Visible", 1930, "L'Amour et la Mémoire", 1932, and "The Secret Life of Salvador Dali", 1943. Inventor of the "critical paranoïac" method, based on associative and delirious interpretation, he thus put right away at the disposal of imagination all the resources of modern scientific psychology. Having revealed himself as an admirer of Franco, Hitler and Mussolini, and of power based on riches, he is expelled from the Surrealist Group in 1938. He converted himself to Catholicism in 1950. As a careerist full of genius and imperturbable hoaxer, he might be the buffoon that the Papacy suddenly needed in the middle of the XXth Century.

JEAN SCHUSTER

**If, as Arthur Cravan asserted, "every great artist is a born provocator", one must admit that none has every carried this pleasure as far as Dali did, in his art as well as personally.**

**ANDRE BRETON**

COSTUME DESIGN FOR "DREAM OF VENUS"

"LE ROI CHRYSALIDE ALIMENTE PAR SON GRAND ECUYER," 1960

Born in 1913

Attracted by
In his plastic
matter and
sure that th
erosion, etc.

Since 1949,
technique c
made of all

In automati
delirious sp
mock-boom
us. The wo
that one w
locate bree

56

# ADRIEN DAX

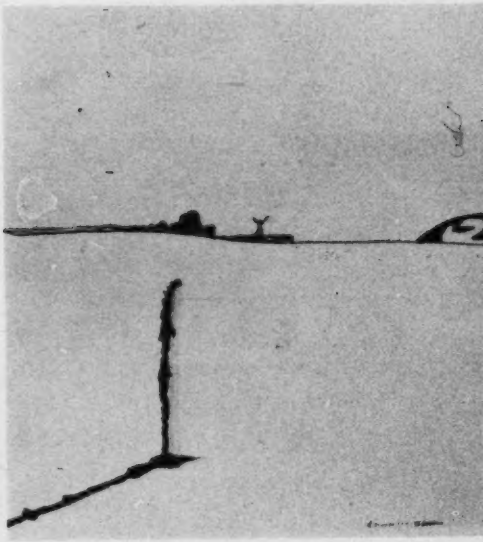
3 in Toulouse where he lives and works.

y morphology and the genesis of mineral structures, he attempts, in this light, to construe works, certain modalities of expression which are exclusively inferred from the play of substance. In this respect, he controls the automatic techniques by constantly making ney present an analogy with natural processes of transformation (fusion, expansion, )

he has taken part in the activities of the Surrealist movement. In 1955, he perfected the alled "impressions de relief" which permits the poetical exploration of chance ensembles kinds of reliefs (fishbones, threads, bread crumbs, crumpled papers, etc.)

**ic drawings and water colours of Adrien Dax, a whole patial universe stretches, writhes, swings inside ham-nerangs, winds, ripples and bursts into laughter before rld that Dax offers to our dazzled eyes is precisely hich we readily imagine lurking in the impossible-to-adth of the Moebius strip.** EDOUARD JAGUER

# PIERRE DEMARNE



"DISCUSSION DANS LE SOLEIL," 1960
*(lent by Mr. Marcel Duchamp)*

Born on 12-24-24. A Master in the three P's: Painting, Poetry,[1] Philosophy. Lives in Paris.

[1] Bref Etoile, Illust. Jacques Hérold (Ed. de Minuit), 1952
Pure Peine Perdue, Illust. H. Matisse-M. Chagall (Ed. de Minuit), 1955

**like an overexposed negative of the moonlit wastes, the violence of the sun, the jetblack threat: in this fundamental ambivalence rebellious shadows accede to independence, to full sovereignty. hark the message from the stones: they do not necessarily utter the same words as are engraven on them!**

**PIERRE DEMARNE, poet and painter, draws ideogrammatic sketches of a world where humour the most ascetic and oblique dream visions coalesce into the inimitable life. herein lies perhaps, the very justification of abstractionism: it had to die and undergo corruption in a beautiful flurry of vari-coloured humus in order that these austere forms, so descriptive as to reach the frontiers of being, could develop. CLAUDE TARNAUD**

# GIANNI DOVA

"METAMORPHOSE D'UNE TETE," 1958

Born in Rome in 1925, Gianni Dova is generally considered as one of the promoters of the new Italian school of painting, and this, since 1951, when he undertook experiments based on the natural incidences of over-emulsified enamel colours, within which countless entangled whirlwinds give birth to a whole fauna of slender beings. Later on (around 1954), Dova renounced the use of automatism and endeavoured to circumscribe a densely structured world, which has certain mental affinities with those of Mirò, Lam and Matta.

**In these paintings, Dova precipitates all possible encounters between the countless and contradictory structures inside one or two mould-elements, genuine world-shapes. The result is a poetical polyphony in which the painter may occasionally introduce a semblance of figuration in order better to subdue the bewildering vibrations of a universe in full mutation.**

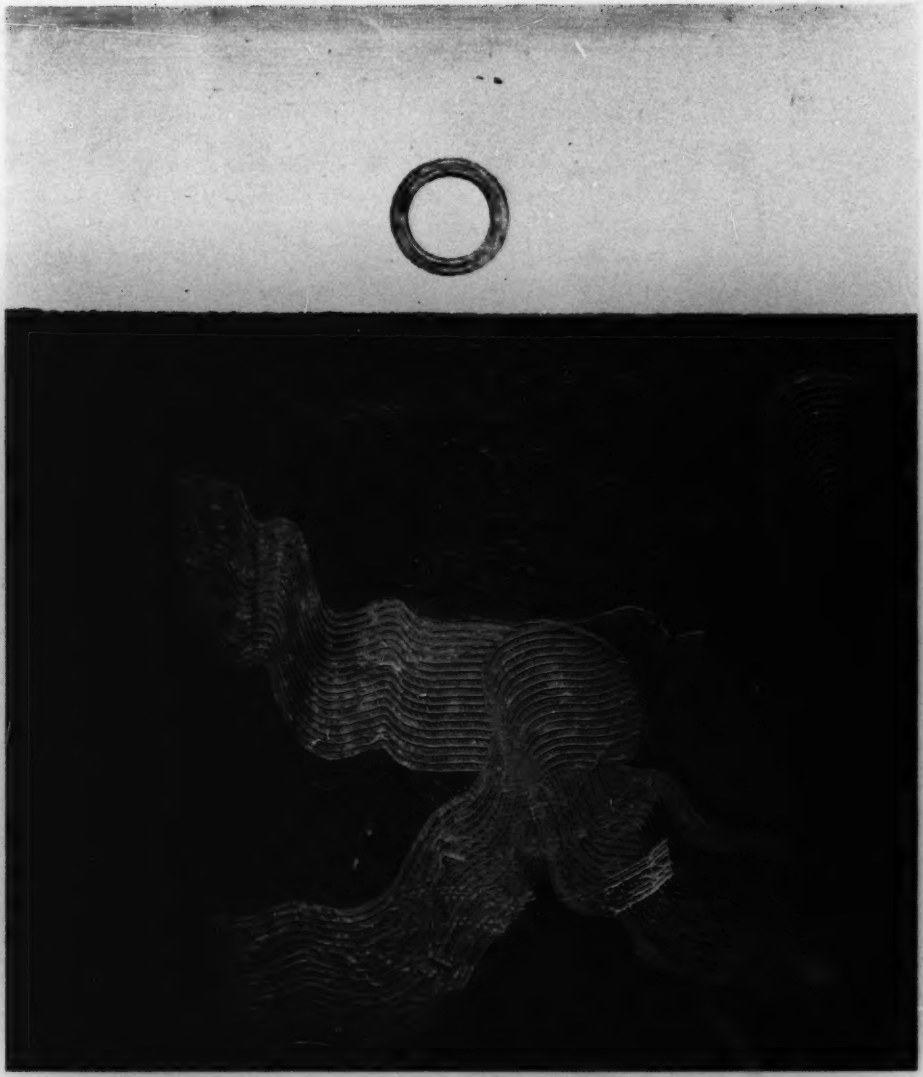
**EDOUARD JAGUER**

# YVES ELLOUET

Although Elleouet was born in Fontenay-sous-Bois in 1932, he was always deeply influenced by
Finistère region of Brittany, the somber but violent colours of which constantly haunted him
arrived in Paris in 1946, and discovered Gauguin and the "savage arts". After having undergo
poetic experience of an obsessional nature, he exhibited, together with Pierre Jaoüen, va
symbolic frescoes in which the space-time concept was intimately merged with cosmic signs. But
afterwards, the very "media" in his paintings actually became the fixative of these symbols.
came the latter period, in which extremely tonic coulours tend to correct his deep-seated pessim
a beneficial representation which partakes of exorcism. ROBERT BENAYO

**. . . then works are created that are figurative poems in which the creatures, the beings and the things of the sea and of the earth, of the darkness and of the day, assume the body they will need to live and appear as visions. CHARLES ETIENNE**

"LE BLANC A LA TETE," 1960



"SAVAGE MOON," 1926

# MAX ERNST

Born in 1891, near Cologne where twenty eight years later, with Baargeld, and then Arp, he imposed DADA. In the spring of 1920, he exhibited his first collages in Paris. As early as 1922, he took part in the Parisian Dada activities and became one of the most active promoters of the transition towards Surrealism. Theorician and promoter of the systematic displacement (dépaysement systématique), in order to serve frequently scabrous ends, using collages, and interpretation of chance through "frottages" (a technique that he discovered in 1925), he always endeavoured to direct the eye towards mental depths so as to transform it, from an organ of sight, into one of vision. It was the main high-road of German Romanticism forcing its way in full XXth Century. This approach was strictly in accordance with the exploration of the psychic unconscious, as Breton and his friends had undertaken it through automatic writing. In 1937, he borrowed and improved on the process, invented by Oscar Dominguez, of the Decalcomania without subject.

In 1941, Max Ernst left for the United States. In New York, he edited VVV, with Breton and Duchamp, and in 1942, a special issue of "View". In 1953, Max Ernst settled in France again, and, in 1954, he was bestowed the Grand Prix at the Biennale of Venice. This confirmed his drifting away from an ideal of subversion and caused his expulsion from the Surrealist movement.

JEAN SCHUSTER

# OYVIND FAHLSTRÖM

Who, at present, resides in Stockholm, has nevertheless been born in Sao-Paulo, Brazil, in 192
Essayist, poet and painter, his paradoxical conceptions, in which Duchamp's influence appear as
water-mark, became spectacularly manifest in 1952-1953 with his "opera": "After having delivere
a rather inane indictment against the command of the rat", a kind of endless epic frieze twelve mete
long, graphic epitome in which re-appeared, after having undergone some perturbations, the vario
processes and techniques of contemporary art. Later came "Adeledicnander 2", his best-known wo
the title of which he borrowed from an American "science-fiction" novel. He dedicated two full yea
to bring this work to perfection. Later, he painted many other canvases in which, according to Ulm
Laaban, "from simple graphic elements he builds structures unfolding with the regularity of a cloc
work, a true serial graphism where the irrational manifests itself exclusively under the form of chan
deliberately provoked".

EDOUARD JAGU

**"Here one undertakes, and sometimes not without some difficulty, a descent into the maelström, of which one cannot say whether it is a voyage to the center of the flesh, or a dive into the labyrinths of the subconscious, or a spelaelogical incursion into the mother-earth of ancestral myths".**

**JOSE PIERRE**

"SCLEROSTATE," 1960

# WILHELM FREDDIE

"L'IDOLE," 1957

Born in Copenhagen (1909). Self-taught, he affirmed, in a series of "abstract" reliefs, made as early as 1929, his determination to rock peaceful Scandinavia out of its aesthetic sluggishness. During this brief incursion in the field of abstractionism, – of a kind which recalled Schwitters or Joostens – he has the revelation of Surrealism. Then, together with W. Bjerke-Petersen and others, Freddie founded in Denmark a Surrealist group which published the reviews "Linien" (1934-1935) and "Konkretion" (1936-1937). In 1935, an ecclesiastical deputy protested in the Oslo Parliament against Freddie's participation in a collective show of Scandinavian art. In 1937, the Danish police seized two of his paintings, which are still kept at the Copenhagen Museum of Criminology. Moreover, Freddie made two experimental films (with the assistance of Jorgen Ross): "Horizons Mangés" and "Refus définitif d'un baiser". He lives in Copenhagen.

**More than ever, after Freddie's thirty years' roaming through various experimental metamorphoses, the emotional themes that mark out his new exploration are linked with the hallucinatory reality by which life is governed in great cities, and with the mysterious encounters — his days and nights are strewn with them — between dreams and objects, reminiscences and premonitions, flesh and light — in the dazzling perspective of concretized desires and dreams.**

**EDOUARD JAGUER**

# ALBERTO GIACOMETTI

**For years now I have only made sculptures that offered themselves to my eyes already completed. I simply reproduced them in space without modifying them in the least . . . (I just have to try to change a detail, or to assess a dimension: there I am completely at a loss, the whole effect is destroyed).**

**ALBERTO GIACOMETTI (1934)**

**"SEATED WOMAN," 1956** *(lent by Mr. Joseph H. Hirshhorn)*

Born in Stampa, a small Swiss village, in 1901. In Paris in 1923, he worked in Bourdelle's atelier. He met the Surrealists in 1930 and during the four following years, he created a whole series of perfectly enigmatic objects and sculptures. After having realized the Invisible object, which is probably his masterpiece and one of the most disquieting sculptures ever made, he suddenly turned his back on this period and dedicated himself entirely to the description of a spectral silhouette, and to the obsession of the eye. Giacometti lives in Paris.

JOSE PIERRE

# ARSHILE GORKY

Born in Khorkom Vari, Armenia, in 1905. At 16, he arrived in the United States and learned by himself the art of painting in the museums and galleries of Boston, first, and, then, in New York. Obeying a personal discipline, he submitted himself successively to the influences of Cézanne and of the Cubists. During the depression of 1932, lacking the money to buy canvasses and colours, he was obliged to make a long series of drawings that were lyrical visions of the unconscious, "symbols of tangible spaces", as he called them, and in which his links with Surrealism were already obvious. After a brief period of abstractionism (1932-1935), he tackled fresco-painting (1935 1939). Finally, in the eight successive versions of the Gardens of Sochi (1940-1942), Gorky, basing himself on a childhood memory, undertook a dynamic deciphering of nature, which he solved by means of the analogical transmutation of his inner world (Le foie est la crête du coq, 1943; La feuille de l'artichaut est un hibou, 1944). After the myths of birth, he was brought to express instinctively the tragedies of the depths. In 1946, some 30 of his paintings were destroyed in a fire. He was taken by a serious illness and went through a period of intense and excruciating activity (Agony, 1947). In 1948, he suffered a broken neck in a car accident and, three weeks later, on 21 July, he took his own life. ROBERT BENAYOUN

**"Of all the Surrealist artists, Gorky is the only one who remains in direct contact with nature, placing himself in front of her when he paints. . . . For the first time, nature is treated as a cryptogram on which the artist's earlier sensitive impressions set their cipher-stencils, bent as they are on discovering the very rhythm of life."**
**ANDRE BRETON**

**"His mind blazed with a fiery river ever-varying images. His quest was to embody the soul of images in form. Into his imagery he distilled the experiences of a poet, a poet-in-paint whose range extended from an intuitive, lyrical poetry of nature to a tragic, daemonic poetry of human emotion. It might be said of him that he was the Ingres of the subconscious."**
**ETHEL SCHWABACHER**

"CARNIVAL," 1944

"PEINTURE," 1953

# KARL OTTO GOETZ

K.O. Goetz was born in 1914 in Aachen, a crossroad where several schools of thought vie with one another in securing the benefits they may gain from a certain form of spiritual smuggling. Like all Germans born in this period, K.O. Goetz had to make his apprenticeship in freedom deep down into the darkest night: he was 19 when Adolf Hitler, that famous failure as a painter, seized power. However, the echoes from Klee's, Kandinsky's and Moholy-Nagy's Bauhaus, and the "teachings" of Ernst, Arp and the French Surrealists reached him through countless secret circuits. So much so that his first abstract paintings were made in 1937. In 1944 – while Hitlerism was staggering without yet being destroyed – he clandestinely published a review in which reproductions of abstract oils were found side by side with translations of Breton's and Peret's poems. After the liberation, "Meta" became one of the first European avant-garde reviews, published by K.O. Goetz – who participated in the "Cobra" movement – with the co-operation of friends from other countries.

At the crossroads of automatism (of which his series of monotypes entitled "Radio-Genèse", and made in 1946-1947, constitutes the most sumptuous teratological catalogue) and "action-painting", K.O. Goetz' work is one of the basic landmarks of the second part of our century. Automatism, which, at the time of the first Mirós or Massons, was considered as the last chance of imagination, is re-discovering here its early vocation as a means of expressing the inaccessible reality. Far beyond the false freedoms in which the advocates of "informal painting" generally indulge, K.O. Goetz creates the modern counterparts of Gaspar-David Friedrich's meditations and of Bernini's soaring and unbridled Baroque.

EDOUARD JAGUER

**Great birds ground by thousand sails are the discoverers of these hollowed spaces inside the core of tempests. The cyclones of feathers are furrowed by flotillas of ancient ramparts and fish-poets leap against the waves' acute edges towards explosive conchs.**

**The sea pretending to be the river.**

**JACQUES LACOMBLEZ**

# ROLAND GIGUERE

"LE NOEUD GORDIEN," 1960

The exactingness of Roland Giguère. as a poet, appears clearly from his texts, and from his graphic works, his paintings and the publications of the "Editions Erta", that he founded in 1949 and still directs. He was born in 1929 in Montreal where he studied graphic arts. His works were then frequently exhibited in Canada and the United States. He has now been living in Paris for a number of years. Since 1953, he has been participating in the activities of the "Phases" movement.

**"Disowned by our familiar animals, we are domesticating monsters".**
**ROLAND GIGUERE**

**"The feathers of the bird Presage alighted on the door of nights, among the ferns: we enjoy the storm's friendship, united for the night of copper."**
**JEAN THIERCELIN**

# E. F. GRANELL

**"FROM BEHIND THE SPHINX,"**
**1959**

Born in La Coroña, in 1912, this Spanish Militiaman, who took refuge in France after the Revolution had been crushed by the Phalangists, unwillingly repeated Columbus' first voyage: from Santo Domingo, following on the trail of the XVIth Century Conquerors, he settled for some time in Guatemala, from which country Stalinism drove him, exactly as Franco had driven him from Spain. His migrations stopped for a moment in Puerto Rico, where he published a book on the Caribbean folklore "Islas, cofre mythico" (1952). He now resides in New York.

**"The beings that he introduces us to seem to come from a world yet to be discovered. Those specimens of a fauna to come — rooster-sundial, hen-sewing-machine — evoke to a certain extent the fabulous creatures that the first travellers to America encountered, such as the paintbrush-bird ("Pacho del ciello") of which Samuel Chaplain gives us a representation deprived of legs because, he said, feeding on air, it alighted nowhere."**

**BENJAMIN PERET**

# PHILIPPE HAUCHECORNE

"L'OREILLE DU VILLAGE," 1960

Born in Le Havre in 1907. Self-taught, he experimented with all the possibilties offered by figurative painting. Later on, he worked for a publisher of children and women magazines. In 1956 he began the systematic exploration of all the lyrical resources offered by ink, water-colour and, lastly, oil. Sensitized to the rustling of colours as to the mysteries of spontaneous forms, he aims at reconciling darkness and light. Paradoxically, he makes use of the chance whims of matter to seat the solidity of certain of his works, while in others he finds in a severe and strict composition a springboard for lyricism.

JOSE PIERRE

# JACQUES HEROLD

**"LA NOURRICE DES FORETS," 1946**

Born in October 1910, in Piatra, Rumania, Herold has been living in Paris since 1930. Lofty and generous crystallized beings haunt his paintings and, at the Surrealist Exhibition of 1947, he revealed, in a gigantic sculpture, that the "Great Transparent Beings" have chlorophyl eyes . . .

**Determined to proceed with my research towards an always more acute representation of the intimity between matter and form, I was led to achieve their mental sublimation. Beings, objects, all things that exist are crystallized under the influence of heat, pressure and time, and the crystal has always been, in the eyes of those who thought the world, the perfect expression of concrete reality, its highest, purest and more accurate form . . .**
**. . .To be desirable, an object should be like a tray-mirror shattered by a woman's quick breasts piercing it.**

**JACQUES HEROLD (LE MALTRAITE DE PEINTURE)**

# JACQUES LAC

Poet and painter.

Born in Brussels in 1934. Self taught. In 19
After his first exhibit in 1952, his research
Max Ernst — was progressively oriented
which was made more and more complex
as decalcomania and "dripping". Since
assumed a more militant nature, and Lac

These last years, Lacomblez managed t
tempest, for the exclusive benefit of
convulsive entities, looming up at the b
decayed walls of time past, there is only
that can thus create a living light.

**Organic blossoms, world buried dee
blood full of sunlight warming us with
Secret are the real festivities.**

# OMBLEZ

55 he relinquished his university studies and started painting.
n – placed under the combined influences of Paul Klee and
d towards a non-figurative romanticism the architecture of
x by the intermittent use of various automatic techniques such
1958, when he founded the review "Edda", his activities have
omblez published theoretical papers and essays on painting.

o subdue the successive assaulting waves of the automatist
a romanticism which causes the agonizing irruption of
order of a forbidden world. From the shadows cast by the
one thought in the straight line of revolutionary romanticism

EDOUARD JAGUER

**p inside the soul and the**
**its magic beauty.**

**JULIO LLINAS**

"PAYSAGE RONGE," 1958

"X. 3," 1960

# YVES LALOY

Born in Rennes (France), in 1920. In 1951, he relinquished his architect practice for deep sea fishing and painting. In their geometrism of pure appearance, his works actually describe the fauna of the spirit's deeps or are the master plans of forbidden cities. They are characterized by the aggressiveness by which alone the inner spectacle is attained. Each one is the signal of victory over the opacity of the perceptible decor, the sovereign result of a new and perilous adventure.

VINCENT BOUNOURE

**"An egret, glittering and magnetized, constantly provides here for the relations between the human soul and the cosmos. The irresistible rhythmical impulse, that gives it flight and carries it infallibly intact, is sufficient to immediately assert its grandeur."**

**ANDRE BRETON (1958)**

# WIFREDO LAM

Born in Cuba, in 1902, of a Chinese father and
Madrid, where he arrived in 1925. Settled in Par
immdiately drew the attention of Picasso and th
period (The Jungle, 1941). Since then, he has spe
and Italy. Because Lam's paintings express an
mysteries and the knowledge of the modern wor
from the fusion of races could be.

**"Thanks to Lam, the preposterous, rugged an
that blocked the road are blown up by the
namite. Thanks to Lam, the primal spirit — a
the sentiment, the dream, the heredity — is
luminated . . . Nourished with sea salt, sun, ra
sinister moons, Wifredo Lam is the one who
world back to the original terror and fervour."**

an Afro-Cuban mother. Studied in Havana, then in
is in 1938. His first exhibition, at the Galerie Pierre,
e Surrealists. He produced his best work during this
nt his time alternatively in Havana, New York, Paris
extreme degree of conscience based on totemic
ld, they are the best example of what an art sprung

ALAIN JOUBERT

d uninspired forms
great suns of dy-
nd by that I mean
projected and il-
in, marvelous and
calls the modern

AIME CESAIRE

"NATIVITY," 1947
*(lent by Pierre Matisse)*

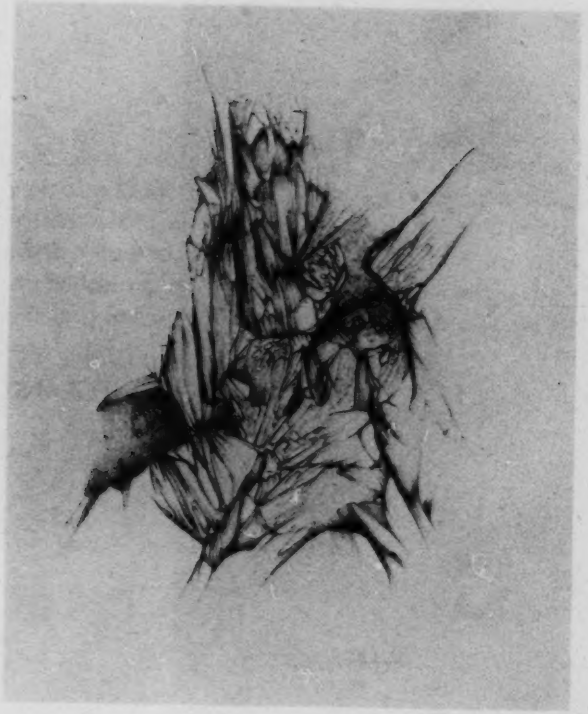
# JUAN LANGLOIS

**"LES DRAGONS DU PALAIS LUNAIRE," 1960**

Born in Buenos-Aires in 1926. He studied painting in Argentina with Emilio Pettoruti, and then, engraving with S. W. Hayter at the "Atelier 17" in Paris where he has been staying since 1952. As early as 1953, Langlois broke away from the principles of classical abstractionism, as transmitted to him by Pettoruti, and turned towards the lyrical transcription of a universe driven by desire, where one could discern at first certain affinities with Arshile Gorky, and, later, with the vari-coloured games peculiar to Carl Buchheister. Since 1956 his universe has become even stranger, in a garish light which set off the roots and wreckages, as the only concrete landmarks in these abandoned and heart-gripping spaces which lie at the mercy of some unknown curse or some vegetal promise but undoubtedly stand deserted and still undiscovered by man. EDOUARD JAGUER

**This landscape is fury and despair: the pulp of the stone. Langlois ordains the desert to seduce space and to unleash the gestures of transfiguration, the gestures through which an active and excruciating reality will be made possible.** JULIO LLINAS

# ROBERT LAGARDE



**"AU MANOIR DE CORBUS"**

Born in 1928 in Béziers (France), Robert Lagarde has for six years worked as a teacher in Sétif (Algeria).

The explosion that Lagarde stirred up loosened his arm which, widely sweeping, immediately undertook to reveal the meeting place of the perverse harmony of stone flowers, animal rocks, arborescent reptiles and all that is ophidian in women.

GUY CABANEL

**To contemplate one of Lagarde's drawings is the same as putting one's finger between the bark and the tree, the same as getting a pebble in one's shoe, the same as cracking like a wall basking in the sun; the discomfort comes from inside.** ALAIN JOUBERT

# RENE MAGRITTE

Born in Lessines (Belgium), in 1898. His first experiments were placed under the sign of Cubism and Futurism. Soon, he discovered Chirico and, in 1926, he painted his first Surrealist work "Le Jockey perdu". Resided in Paris (1927-1930) and, once back in Belgium, became one of the promoters of Surrealism in that country. Using an apparently realist technique, he does not actually draw illustrations of poetical thoughts, but their equivalences. The image presents itself as an aphorism. The elements are so combined that a single mystery creates a halo around both the usual and the unwonted objects, these always being recognizable.

Lives in Brussels.

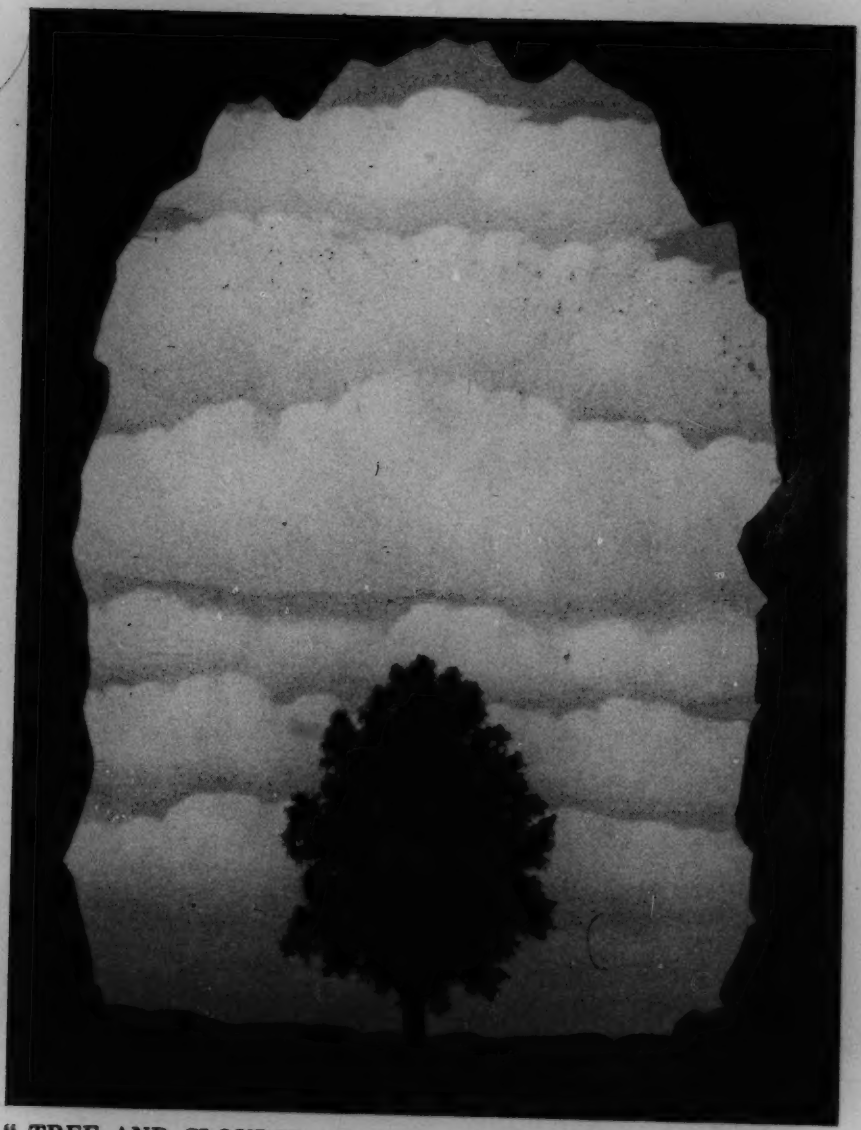
GERARD LEGRAND

**"One uses familiar words to give a title to images, but the words cease to be familiar when one attempts to entitle the images of the resemblance."**

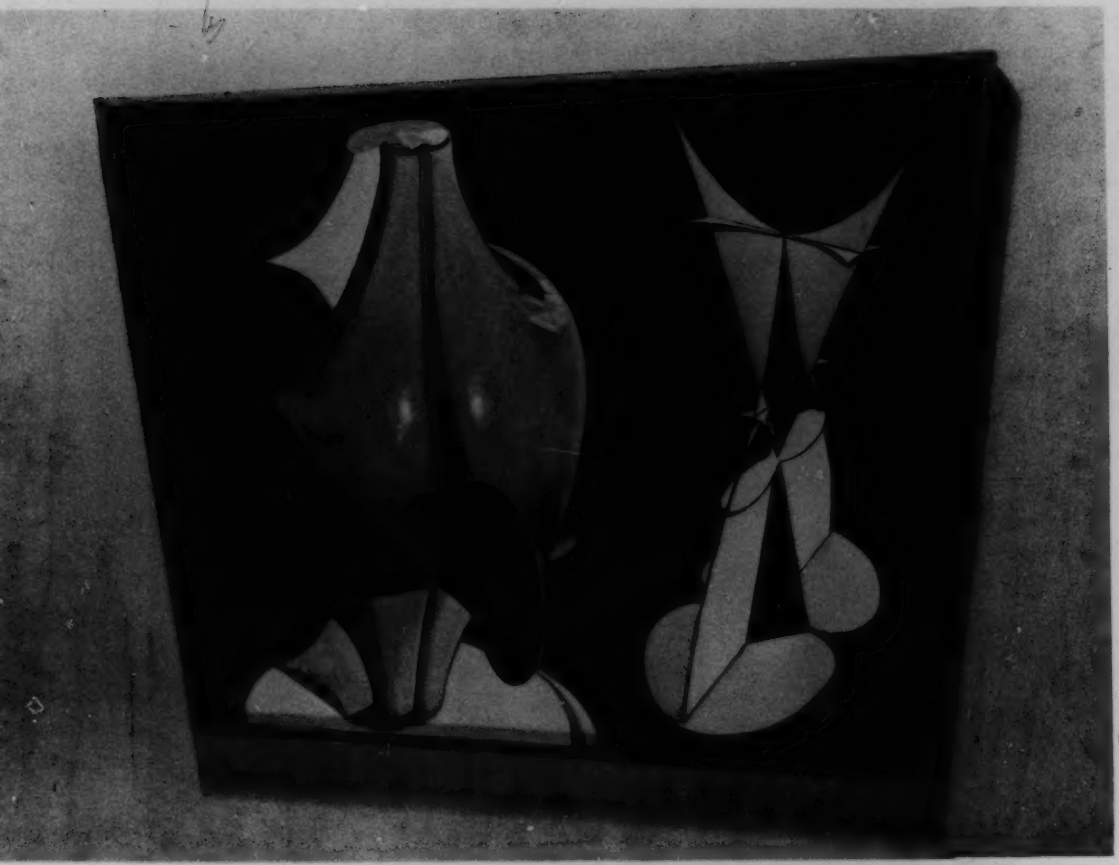
**RENE MAGRITTE**

**"Magritte approached painting in the very spirit of an "object lesson". From this angle, he systematically got up the case against visual images by readily emphasizing their failures and their strict dependence on the figures of style and of thought."**

**ANDRE BRETON**



"TREE AND CLOUDS" *(lent by Mr. & Mrs. Albert Lewin)*



"ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA," 1948

# MAN RAY

Born in Philadelphia, in 1890. In his first paintings, he was influenced by Cubism (Legend, 1916). In New York, he took part in the para-dadaïst activities of Duchamp, Picabia, Marius de Zayas and W.C. Arensberg. He gave its name to the "Société Anonyme, Inc.", discovered spray-gun painting, invented lyrical-terrorist objects (Gift, 1920) and magnetized chess sets. After settling in Paris in 1921, he invented and developed several photographic processes: solarization, rayography. His worldwide reputation as a photographer throws an unjustified shadow on his pictorial work, in which one can distinguish a mechanistic period (Séguédille, 1919) and a period dedicated to exalting mathematical objects. He is the author of several poetic films: Le retour à la raison, 1923, Emak Bakis, 1927, Le mystère du château de dés and L'étoile de mer, 1929, in which he defies with a vengeance the prohibition decreed against fuzziness of outlines in cinematography. He stayed in Hollywood for a long time, then went back to Paris, where he still lives. In 1949, Marcel Duchamp classified him among the "Old Masters of Modern Art".

ROBERT BENAYOUN

**In the same way as the scientist who, like a simple conjurer, manipulates the numerous phenomena of nature and takes advantage of all the alleged haphazards or laws, the creator attending to human values lets the unconscious forces leak out, coloured as they are by his own personality (which is but the universal desire of man) and throws light on the long-repressed motives and instincts which are, after all, basic elements of fraternity and confidence.**

**MAN RAY, 1934**

# MARECHAL

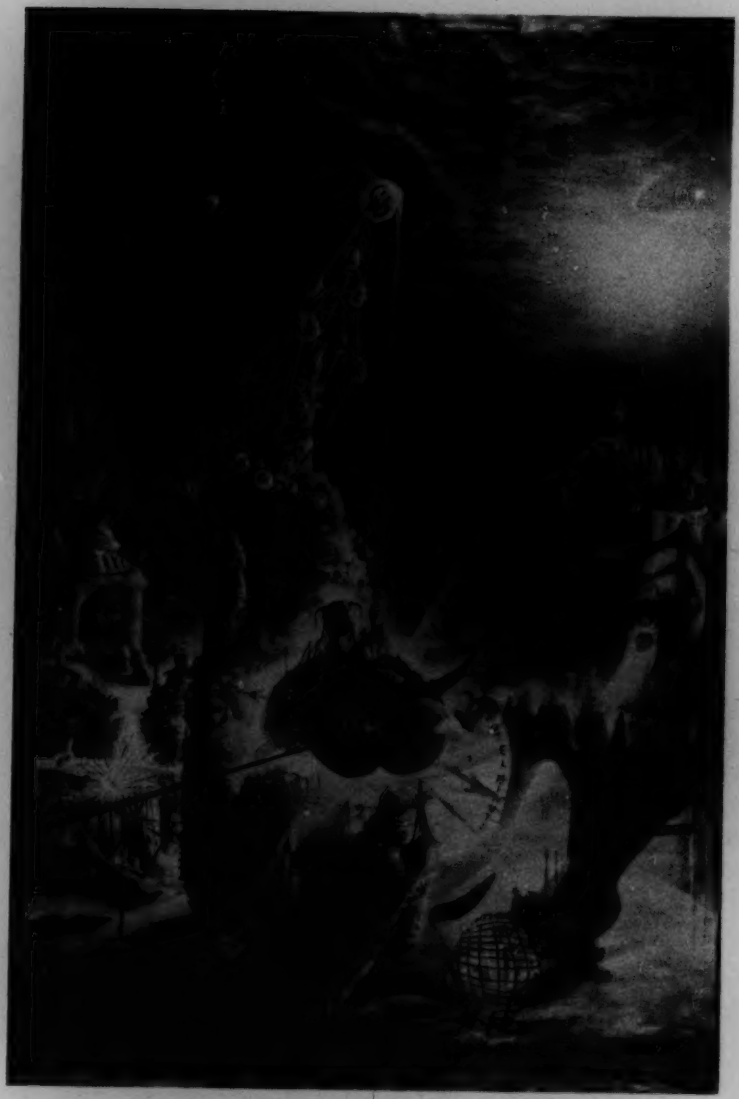
Born in Paris, in 1928. From childhood to adolescence, the schools that he attended — mostly religious institutions — have left him with memories of violently hostile places, from which it was urgent to escape. Submitted at fifteen to the "training" of the "Compagnons de France", a Petain's institution, he finally deserted. From sixteen to twenty, he discovered the poets and, as he said, took "seriously everything" that he read (Baudelaire, Rimbaud). Progressively, he elaborated an inner domain in which he shut himself (to-day he affirms that he never even glances at a newspaper). Until 1952 he wrote poems that already attested to the length of his antennas. Then he chose to express himself by making drawings of the most elaborate kind, and, later, paintings with an undercurrent of poetry. In 1953, he sojourned among the Arabs of the Sousse mountains and, in 1955, he journeyed to London where he had an exhibition. Other shows in Paris, 1957, then in Vienna — where he lived for some time — in 1958. He is now living in Paris.

**"Maréchal's towns are built on an earthquake".**

**GASTON BACHELARD**

**"To the way Henri Rousseau's eyes scanned the Eiffel tower corresponds, having lost none of its spontaneity despite the pessimistic nuance that appears necessary, the way Maréchal looks at the Empire State Building and the abysses that give its measure."**

**ANDRE BRETON**



"L'AMOUR AU B . . . POPULAIRE"

# ARTURO MARTINI

Born in Oderzo (Italy), in 1876, Martini, as early as 1911, illustrated the works of Shakespeare, Mallarmé, Poe, Rimbaud and, later, Nerval. Attracted by Surrealism, to which he dedicated, at the very beginning, a long essay in "Il Perseo", he went to Paris in 1924, where he met Picabia, Mirò, Ernst and Magritte. According to Carlo Belloli, the critic, the enquiry on love that was published in 1929 in the review "La Révolution Surréaliste" influenced him considerably. From the lithographs he made in 1915, to the portraits in facets painted in the years 1929-1931, it was mainly thanks to Martini that Italian art did not disappear altogether (as far as the Surrealist preoccupations are concerned) during the period between Chirico's collapse and the apparition of painters such as Baj or Dova. Martini died in Milano in 1954.

**During those years 1920-1940, nearly nothing in Italy would have disturbed the sleep of the "Disquieting Muses", were it not for a few paintings by Arturo Martini: a certain affectation in the colours, a certain stiffness in the drawing, far from shoving the artist away from the evidently perturbing objective that he is pursuing, concur in helping him to reach it: some of Martini's paintings obviously suggest something like a sweetmeat box cover, but if you take the risk of opening the box, you will discover that the sweets are prepared with Spanish flies' powder . . . EDOUARD JAGUER**

"CONIUGI IGNOTI," 1930

# ANDRE MASSON

"LA FEMME PARALYTIQUE," 1938

French painter, born Balagny (Oise) 1896. Returned from war 1914-1918, settled down in Paris and started to paint under the combined influences of Derain and Juan Gris. In 1924 he produced a large series of drawings which are the nearest and most accomplished materialisations of psychic automatism d'alors. With able techniques in hand, his disquieted brain has led him to make incursions into several contradictory domains of the pictorial universe. Among these, some still deserve attention.

E.L.T. MESENS

**The point of encounter between man and nature, let it explode!**

**ANDRE MASSON**

# ROBERTO MATTA ECHAURREN

Born in Santiago, Chile, in 1911. Having completed his studies in architecture, he arrived in Europe in 1932. In 1934, he worked with Le Corbusier and he began to draw around 1935. In 1937, Dali introduced him to André Breton. First oil paintings, Psychological Morphologies, in 1938. Since then, he has given free play to his cosmic lyricism, using fascinating colours. Resided in New York from 1939 to 1948. Around 1950, certain political preoccupations seemed to leak through the titles of his paintings. Matta made his work a mirror which reflects the scientific, psychological and poetical queries of his time: in this sense, it constitutes an attempt towards synthetizing the various pulsions of modern man. Since 1955, Matta has again been living in Paris.

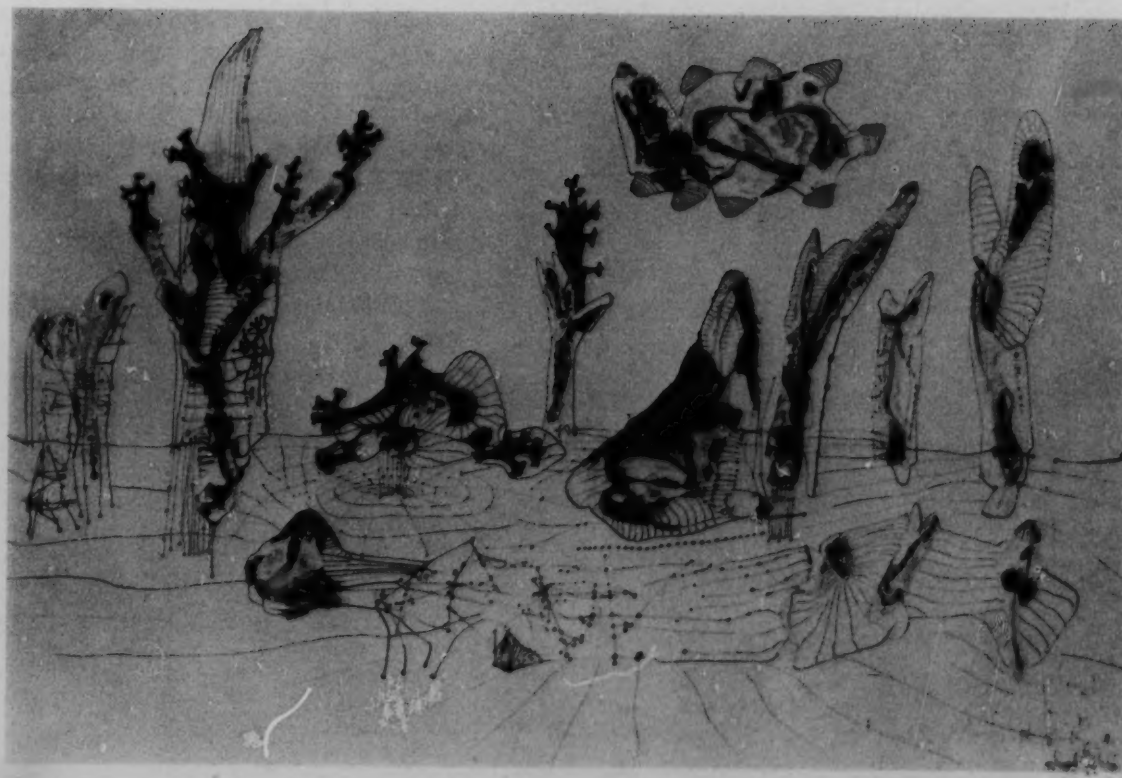
JOSE PIERRE

**"Surprise will explode as does a fluorite ruby in ultra-violet light".**

**MATTA**

**"Matta's exploration embraces both the sources of the anguish of death and those of the anguish born of scruples of conscience, to the virulence of which everything in his work bears witness: gestures of exorcism, individuals suddenly constituted into a court, closely pigeon-holed worlds, general bristling of spikes. But in the places that he desiribes, beings of a lofty style are also moving: they behave as do the discoverers of exits, of solutions, thus imparting to Matta's whole work an exalting and contagious virtue".**

**ANDRE BRETON (1947)**



"COMPOSITION," 1940

# ART EXHIBITION CATALOGUES REPUBLISHED ON MICROFICHE

Published on microfiche by:

Chadwyck-Healey Ltd
21 Bateman Street
Cambridge CB2 1NB
England

Somerset House
417 Maitland Avenue
Teaneck, NJ 07666
USA

Date of publication and production of master: 1976

Series: The purposes of this series is to make available those catalogues that have lasting interest through their text or their illustrations. Catalogues and cumulations of titles in the series are available from the publishers.

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Location of original: The National Art Library, Victoria & Albert Museum, London.

Technical data:

Producing laboratory: Micromedia Ltd, Kidlington, Oxford, England.

Note:

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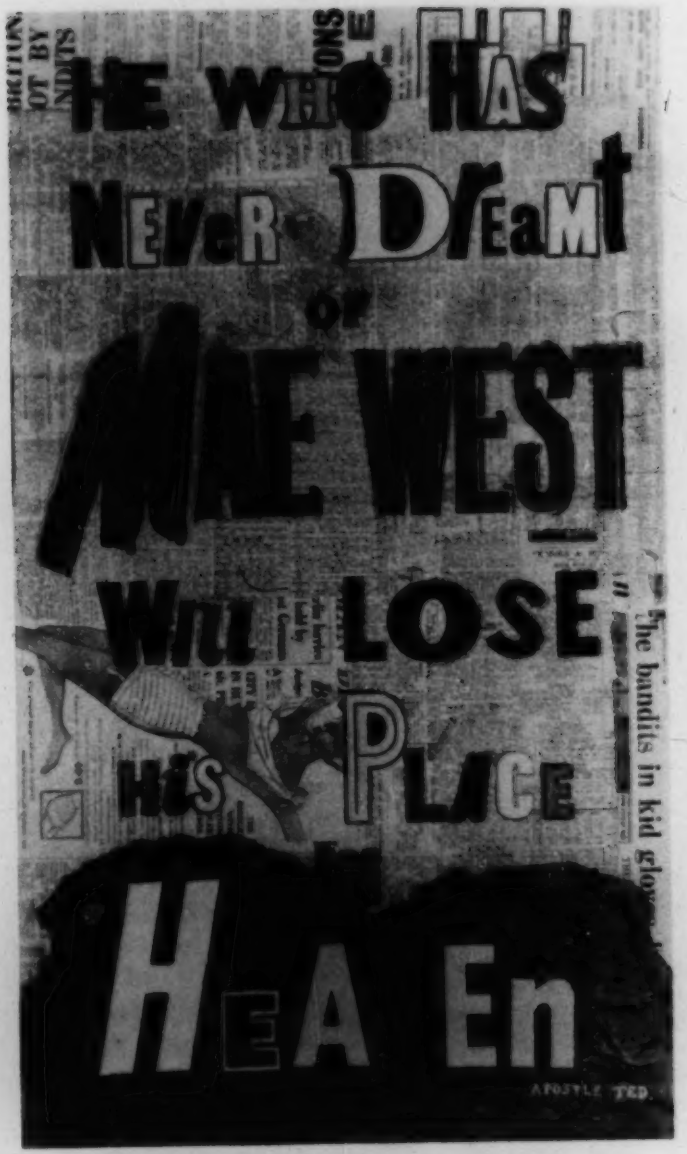



"PANCARTE D'EVANGELISATEUR," 1959

# E. L. T. MESENS

Born in Brussels, in 1903. After dedicating himself for a long time to musical composition (he wrote music for poems by Péret, Soupault, Eluard and Tzara), he relinquished this activity in 1923, when, together with René Magritte, he discovered Chirico's work. In 1926, he was instrumental in the propagation of the Surrealist movement in Belgium, published numerous "avant-garde" reviews (in particular the London Bulletin) and managed several art galleries (London Gallery, 1938-1939, 1945-1950). As early as 1924, but especially after 1954, he composed violent and carefully made "collages" in which matter never stoops before the argument, and which endow that medium with an entirely new form of plastic insolence. Mesens is a subtle poet whose unselfconscious playfulness chases to the verge of absurdity a restless nostalgia, permeated with spleen (Alphabet sourd aveugle, 1933, Troisième Front, Poémes, 1959). Lives in London.

ROBERT BENAYOUN

**With Mesens' recent collages ("Marriage de lettres", "Pancarte d'évangélisateur"), where, in their very mass, the elements conspire to give rise to the most amusing poetic misunderstandings, what is at stake is the unforseeable apparition, on the screen of nonsensical declensions, of a kind of non-apparent cubism: infra-formal.**

**EDOUARD JAGUER**

# JOAN MIRO

Catalan painter, born in Barcelona (and not in Montroig), in 1893. He was first influenced by Van Gogh (1918). In 1919, he made still life paintings in which cubist austerity was corrected by the sharp neatness with which the objects were described. Immediately after followed stunning landscapes which the minutiae of the details, far from evoking naturalism, transformed into poetic illuminatings of a rare youthfulness. After 1921, Mirò's frequent sojourns in Paris brought him into contact with the young poets and painters of the Surrealist group. From 1923 to 1924, the figurative elements undergo a lyrical transmutation in a series of extraordinary paintings: Terre labourée, Paysage Catalan, le Carnaval d'Arlequin. A rare plastic imagination, served by an unswerving technique, gives irresistible impetus to this universe where women, stars, birds and moon are privileged residents. The airy liveliness that distinguishes so many of Mirò's works should not however hide certain tragic and pessimistic accents, or his scrupulous meditations on the graphical and chromatic media that preside over the birth of these paintings of an unbridled, spontaneous, casual appearance. Ever since 1924, Mirò relentlessly questioned his work, bordering sometimes on abstractionism (around 1930, for instance), re-introducing, later, a sense of third dimension (1934-1936), jumping from gracefulness to barbarism (1953) and, finally, dedicating himself, always with the same success, to sculpture and ceramics (Terres de grand feu). His considerable influence was equally felt by the Surrealists, and the abstract, the "geometric" and the "tachistes" painters.

JOSE PIERRE

**"Miro's work is the most beautiful of the feathers pinned on Surrealism's hat".**

**ANDRE BRETON**

**"At the beginning, there was a cherry. In fact, it was the sea. The sea sighed at exactly 5:13 p.m., and its sigh coiled up under the umbrella of a young woman who was passing by. Yes or no, she was asking herself, feeling that her seashell was opening, while Joan Mirò, near her, was undoing the knots. The young woman flew away and the only thing left to be seen was that very hard and luminous crystal whose existence is known to nobody but Yeti the Free."**

**RADOVAN IVSIC**

"PEINTURE," 1950

*(lent by Pierre Matisse)*

"AN EINER KIRCHE," 1949-1954

# RICHARD OELZE

Born with the turn of the century in Magdeburg, Germany, Oelze became in 1921 a member of the first Bauhaus of Weimar where he was Johannes Itten's pupil. Five years later, he left Weimar for Dresden where he remained until 1930, year of his departure for Switzerland. A few years prior to the war he finally journeyed to Paris, after having been invited by tthe Surrealists to participate in various group activities such as the 1936 International Exhibition in London. One can safely state that, during the 30's and 40's, Richard Oelze, blending Ernstian automatism with a visionary power similar to that of Blake or Füssli, was the more deeply inspired representative in the Germanic Countries of a Surrealism irreducible to simple formal whims. Since 1946 Oelze has been living in retirement in Worpswede, a small village near Bremen that is mainly inhabited by fishermen and artists. No small wonder therefore that only these very last years did his work, permeated as it is with deep anxiety, create any stir in his native country. Mirages of pain and oblivion, where strange escarpments, cliffs of fur and hills of moire are prey to agonizing metamorphoses, from pebble to pelt, and from inert pelt to the hesitating life of amphibious animal forms, or to the haggard outline of a human face, such are Oelze's paintings today, a coral city seen through a tear drop.

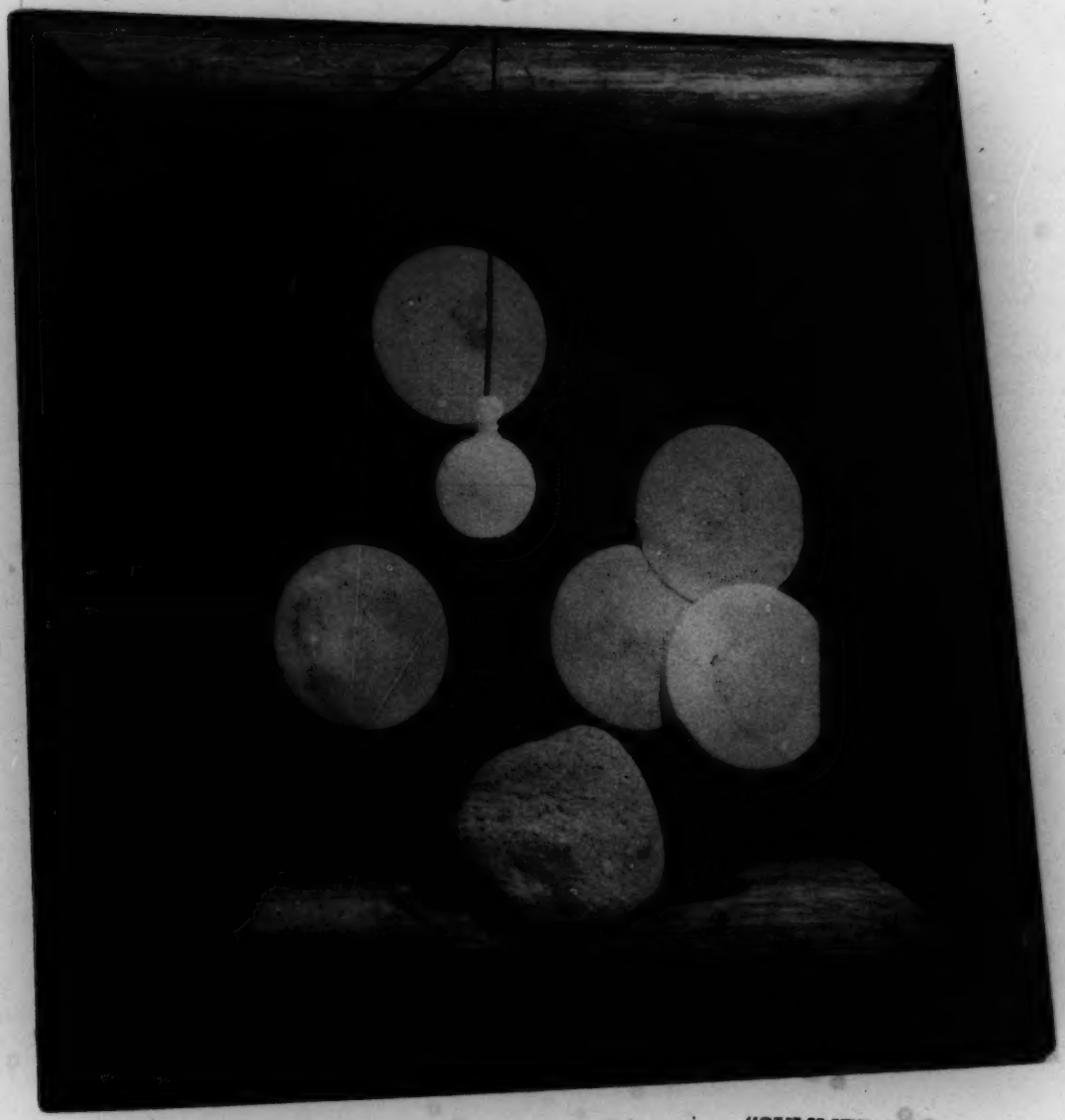
EDOUARD JAGUER

# MERET OPPENHEIM

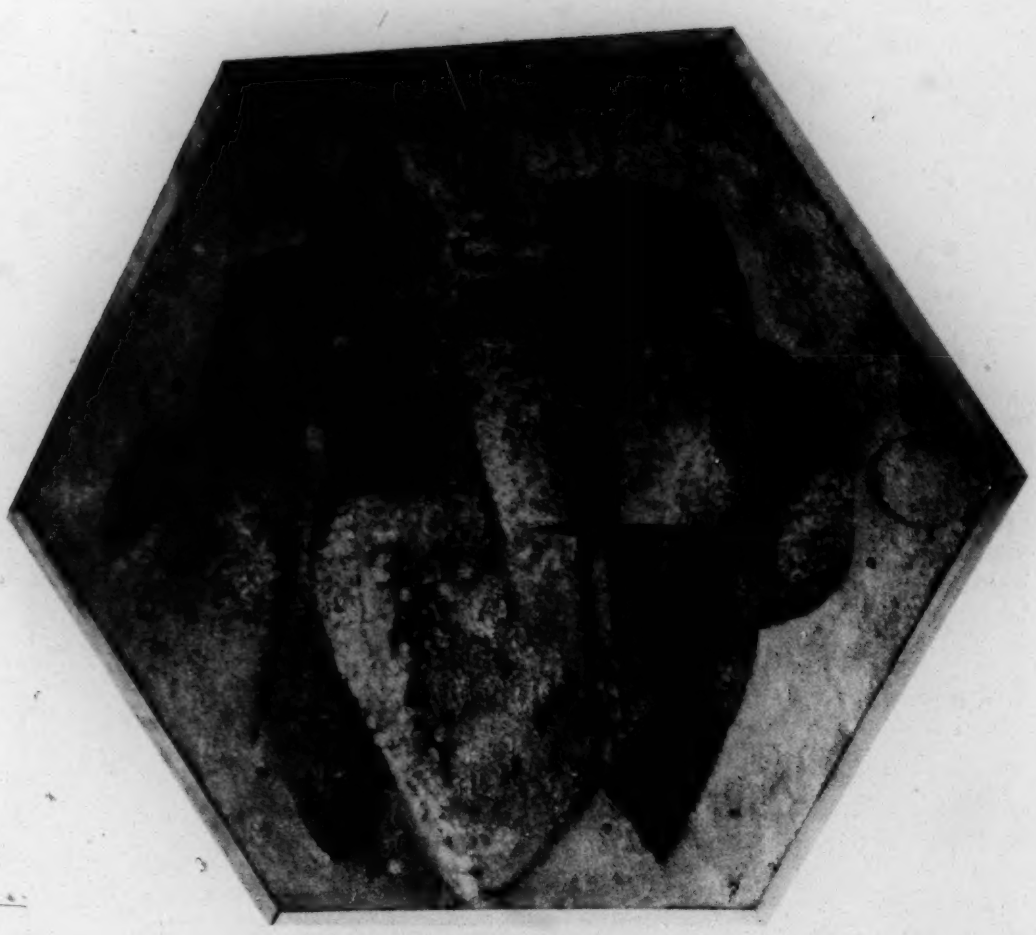
Born in Berlin in 1913, she spent in various places of Switzerland and Germany a childhood mainly concerned with the plastic means of expression (Cahier d'écolière, 1930). At seventeen, she went to Paris where she met A. Giacometti and J. Arp. Being extremely interested in her work, they introduced her to the Surrealists. Since 1933 she has regularly participated in Surrealist exhibitions, taking an important part in the dissemination of uncouth objects (Le Déjeuner en Fourrure). Settled in Switzerland again, she exhibited her works several times in Basel, Ascona and Paris. Since 1958, she has also been making sculptures in wood, and reliefs on plaster and stone.

**With Meret you are always transfixed at the moment, exceptionally thrilling, where the ghosts having fled, grumbling, close to the ground and close to the water in order to dig themselves in on the other side of the horizon (where they only let one trembling head appear), the water-lily dares at last open one corolla that they could have polluted when they passed by had not sheer terror contracted it.**

**BENJAMIN PERET**



"SUMMER NIGHT," 1957



"MEDITATION," 1948

# WOLFGANG PAALEN

Born in Vienna, in 1905, Wolfgang Paalen studied painting in Italy, then in Berlin, Paris, Munich. Before joining the Surrealist movement in 1936, he was a member of the "Abstraction-Création" group. He invented the technique of "fumage". In 1939, Paalen came to America, where he stayed until 1951. In 1940, he organized with César Moro, an International Surrealist exhibition in Mexico. In 1942, he published the review Dyn. For a few years, he remained aloof and did not participate in Surrealist activities. Later, his mastery of the pictorial arts reached its peak and he devoted himself in turns to spatial suggestion, whirling powers, coloured explosions, and the exploitation of his graphic skill: his work largely foreshadowed most of the preoccupations underlying "lyrical abstractionism". Paalen's painting is one of the richest, of the most characteristic and accomplished of these last years. Back in Paris in 1952, Paalen soon left again for Mexico. In September 1959, he took his own life.

JOSE PIERRE

**Freed as they are from the false options that Surrealist thought has exposed with full knowledge of the facts, there is no reason to think that the discoveries of Surrealism and abstract art may not combine into a pictorial language that would invent its subject at the very same moment it unveils it.**

**WOLFGANG PAALEN, 1954**

**Paalen's art aspires at synthetizing the myth that is being created and those that are considered as completed, at making this very myth its own flesh. Full light is thrown on the night of man, which, constantly, is closing in.**

**ANDRE BRETON (1941)**

**One could have thought that he used colours to wantonly perpetuate the theoretical dispute between Goethe and Newton. And that he used to substitute for poetry and science — these two China dogs — a couple of wolves, flesh and bones, fatally in love.**

**JEAN SCHUSTER (1959)**

# FRANCIS PICABIA

French painter and poet, born Paris 1879 where he died in 1953. His mother was French; his father, of Spanish stock, came from the West Indies. Exhibited very young and was pupil, at the Beaux-Arts, of very academic Fernand Cormon. His evolution spread over many contemporary tendencies, untrammelled and with unexpected returns to own past expressions. Some critics credit him with very first non-objective painting in 1909 – a watercolour called "Caoutchouc". Forerunner of Dadaism and Surrealism. Esprit capricieux jusqu'à la contradiction; his cubist (or Orphist) phase is non-figurative but full-blooded, fleshy and dances the tarantella; his Dada-period is moralizing and scandalous; the period of Spanish-females is near-academic; as a Surrealist he prefers to remain aloof; in the "super-impressions" he tackles the space problem with most un-even qualities and the last abstractions are concrete and very alive.

Humor was his most keen and efficient weapon. He nevertheless felt persecuted by the art circles (which was true) and by his own friends (which was not so).

He edited the broadsheet "391" from 1917 to 1924; published several small collections of his poems, and also pamphlets.

Contrarily to many painters to-day, Picabia was born extremely wealthy and was no longer rich at the time of his death. He loved life.

E.L.T. MESENS

**The problem of knowledge presents itself to us only when we begin to understand in how far we could dispense with understanding.**

**FRANCIS PICABIA**

**The unknown is an exception, the known is a deception.**

**FRANCIS PICABIA**

"IDYLLE," 1925

**"WOMAN IN AN ARMCHAIR," 1913**

*(Collection of Mrs. Ingeborg Rudelko Eichmann Florence, Italy)*

# PABLO PICASSO

Born in Malaga (Spain), in 1881. With Les Demoiselles d'Avignon (1907), he guided modern art along a new road. Until 1916, when Cubism lost somewhat in temerity, his refusal to comply with the canons of traditional figurative art induced him to conceive the existence of prodigious beings. From 1926 to 1935, he was acutely tempted by Surrealism and by Mirò's influence. That encouraged him to proceed with the great formal dislocations that characterized the Dinard period — the various Baigneuses and the admirable series of the Dormeuses. Around 1930, he made numerous Surrealist sculptures. In 1934, Picasso discovered automatic writing and momentarily abandoned painting for poetry. The series of canvases, dated 1935, on the theme: Jeune femme dessinant ou écrivant dans un intérieur (or La Muse) was a direct illustration of automatic writing. With Guernica, it became obvious that other preoccupations were calling him back. But it is still possible to find in some of his works deeply rooted evidences of his having been permeated by Surrealism (for instance in these extremely strained and tortured women faces he painted during the 1939-1944 period, as well as in his play, written in 1941, Le désir attrappé par la queue).

JOSE PIERRE

# CARL-FREDRIK REUTERSWÄRD

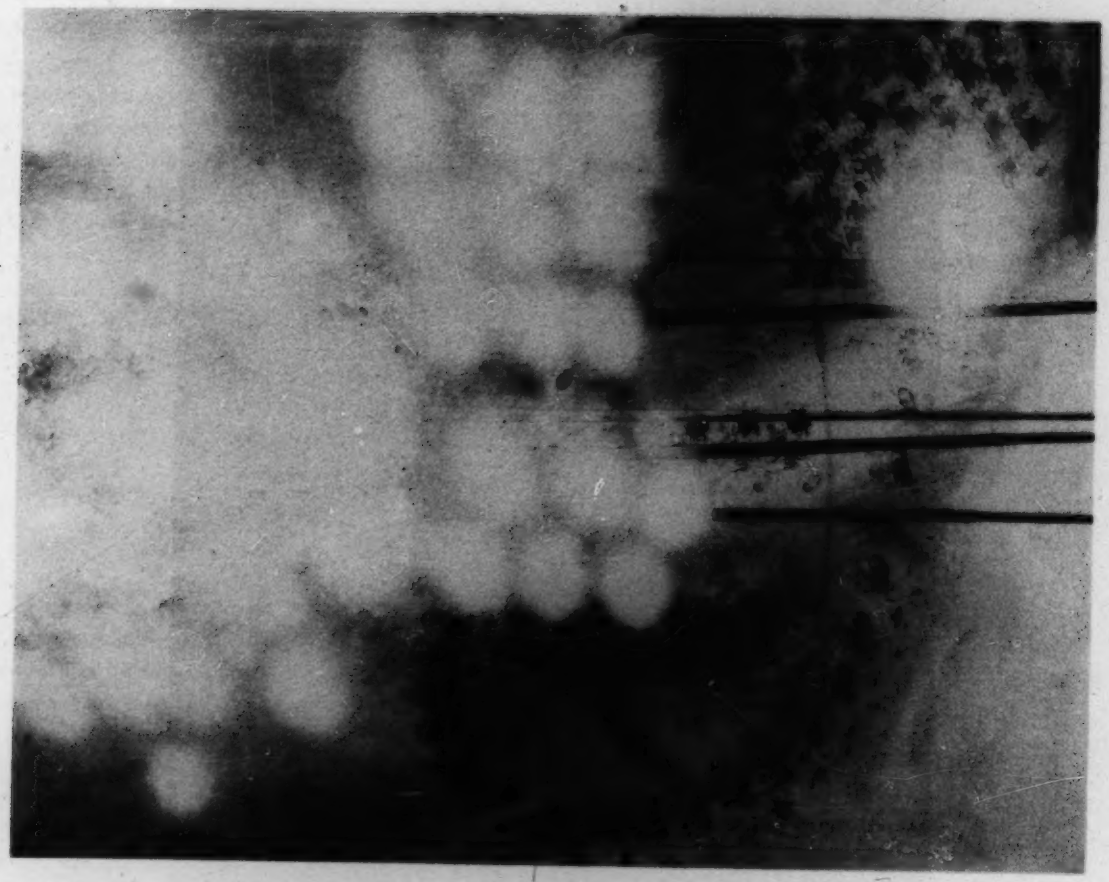
Born in Stockholm, in 1934, Carl-Fredrik Reuterswärd is a painter, poet, playwright and experimental film maker. From his 1956 "plexic images" (on celluloid) – which are deliberately placed in an overhanging position between painting and photography (they look like photographies, although, technically speaking, they are not) – to the fascinating buffoonery of his present work, Reutersward's evolution is mainly characterized by a more and more frequent recourse to "gags" of the W.C. Field's kind, which take place in the new abstract landscape that painters like K.O. Goetz or Bertini feed our dreams with. But there is an aggravating circumstance: C.F.R. is also the author of preposterous texts ("Concernant la discipline à bord", 1959) akin to Lewis Carroll's and Edward Lear's, in which a slapstick humour roams free, preferably on an oceanic or maritime background.

EDOUARD JAGUER

**Whenever the tournament of squids bespatters the sky that is expected for the National Commemoration Day, a child who has been run over by a car is there to collect the black rain in the pavilion of the Steppes. At the Ballet of the lobsters, the trombone sports a supercilious grin. I am weeping, the blindman notes while he shatters the window.** JACQUES LACOMBLEZ

**Is there anything more deadly swift than the sledge in the night-time plains, except Carl-Fredrik Reuterswärd's laugh? And, please! Do not speak to me of dull rockets, do not speak to me of tears.**

RADOVAN IVSIC



"DES MONDES VUS A LA LOUPE," 1959

"DAS MONDKULTURSCHANDMAL"

# FRIEDRICH SCHRODER-SÖNNENSTERN

Born in Lithuania, in 1892, in a family of 13 children. Being a so called "problem child", he was, at 14, placed in a reformatory. Agricultural worker, ostler in a circus, reformed in 1915, canteen attendant, smuggler, astrologist and healer, these have been some of his occupations, alternating with prison sentences and sojourns in lunatic asylums. In 1949, being 57 years old, he began to draw, using colour pencils. Despite the open hostility of West-Berlin official circles, the exceptional originality of his work and its unmatched refinements of colours drew the attention of a number of art critics and were enthusiastically acknowledged by the Surrealists.

JOSE PIERRE

**"The worlds through which Sönnenstern travels at the pace of a Ghost Cart definitively merged into the twilight, these worlds are where the clash occurs between the enigmatic "instinct of death" and a demoniac rage of living which, here and there, puts on the mask of slapstick comedy, and even satire. Their own splendour, shimmering with the graduated shades and "unhooked openings" that we like in flounced petticoats, renders futile the pretense to "discover something" as it is cultivated by the advocates of interplanetary navigation. Never shall we have a better opportunity to appreciate the vertiginous gap between myth and science fiction, whether or not the latter is realizable".**

**GERARD LEGRAND**

# JINDRICH STYRSKY

Born in Cermna, Czechoslovakia, in 1899. Due to his strange childhood, spent in the dismal atmosphere of an isolated farm in Bohemia, he was predestinated to become a visionary artist. As early as 1919, in Prague, he developed a form of cubism subjected to autobiographical inspiration and he started a whole series of "papiers collés". In 1926, a member of the well-known Devetsil group, he illustrated, together with Toyen, the theories of "Poetism", a bridge thrown over the gap between Cubism and Surrealism, the experimental audacity of which was deeply rooted into the true dialectics of the imaginary world. As early as 1925, he exhibited his works, together with Toyen's. The Surrealist Exhibition of Prague (1934) marked the beginning of his richest and most diversified period. Illustrator (Maldoror, 1929), stage decorator (Ubu, 1928, Le Trésor des Jésuites, 1935) and photographer (the cycle of L'homme aux oeillères) he wrote a Life of Rimbaud and was the first to invent provocative coloured "collages" (Le cabinet de déménagements). Finally, he exhibited the paintings of his great cycle entitled Roots (Racines, 1934). He died in Prague in 1942. ROBERT BENAYOUN

**"In Styrsky's work, nothing is but everything can become, since it is situated at the place where the wind is born that is going to swell the sails or unroof the houses at the same time as it creates, here, impending floods, there, rich crops . . . He does not delight in a love affair with the external world, but rapes it in full view of the sun, obeying the imperious desire that springs deep from the well of his being.** **BENJAMIN PERET**

"LE LIVRE-OBJET," 1937

"LA FEMME SOMBRE A LA RENCONTRE DE L'ANIMAL PORCELAINIER," 1959

# MAX-WALTER SVANBERG

Born in Malmö (Sweden), in 1912, Svanberg worked, at 17, as a sign painter for a local movie-house. At 22, he was immobilized a whole year by an attack of poliomyelitis. He made his first Surrealist drawings in 1943-1944; his first personal shows met with hostility on the critics' part. In 1950, he created the "Imaginist Movement" and, in 1952, his style reached a plenitude: mosaics of pearls and paints, exalting the charms of women in a wonderful series of drawings. In 1953, André Breton and the Surrealists discovered his work. From then on, and still without ever leaving Malmö, Svanberg regularly participates in all the Surrealist shows and reviews.

JOSE PIERRE

**Among the great encounters of my life I would include that of Max-Walter Svanberg's work, which enabled me to understand from within, while making me feel all its strength, what fascination can be.**

**ANDRE BRETON (1954)**

**Total, disquieting and ambiguous beauty can only be achieved through the irrational game of a perpetual figuration, poetic and liberating, wherein lines and colours cease to be absolute aims to become means of increasing the intensity of the imagination. To achieve beauty's extreme sharpness, one must, I assume, become conscious, to the point of suffering, of the terrible presence of death.**

**M. W. SVANBERG**

# YVES TANGUY

Born in Paris, in 1900. Died in the United States, in 1955.

Of Breton origin, and having for a long time sailed the seas as an apprentice, he has always been deeply influenced by "celtism": in his works, the beach and the cliffs appear in turns at the horizon. He discovered the art of painting in 1925 and adhered to the Surrealist group. His first works were those of a self-taught artist whose vitality was far from being devoid of humour: he stuck at the center of a canvas a small boat made of greasy paper emptied of its fried potatoes. Very soon, he fully developed all his abilities and expressed the symbolism of the unconscious with a completely unhindered frankness: "Mammy, Daddy is wounded!" (1927). Then, the stormy twilight that will remain his familiar mood gained in refinement by being confronted with the great undersea glimmers where life keeps its reserves (L'armoire de Protée, 1937). Conflicts were settled: Tanguy explored the Faustian universe of the "Mothers", in compositions of a static appearance where mineral, but not crystalline, germs fixed the diffused anxiety of beings forever left in a rough form, yet finished. This trend, which could already have been perceived as early as 1943 (Indefinite divisibility) reached its peak in the paintings made after he had definitively settled in the US (1948). The last painting of his (Imaginary numbers) is one of his masterpieces.

GERARD LEGRAND

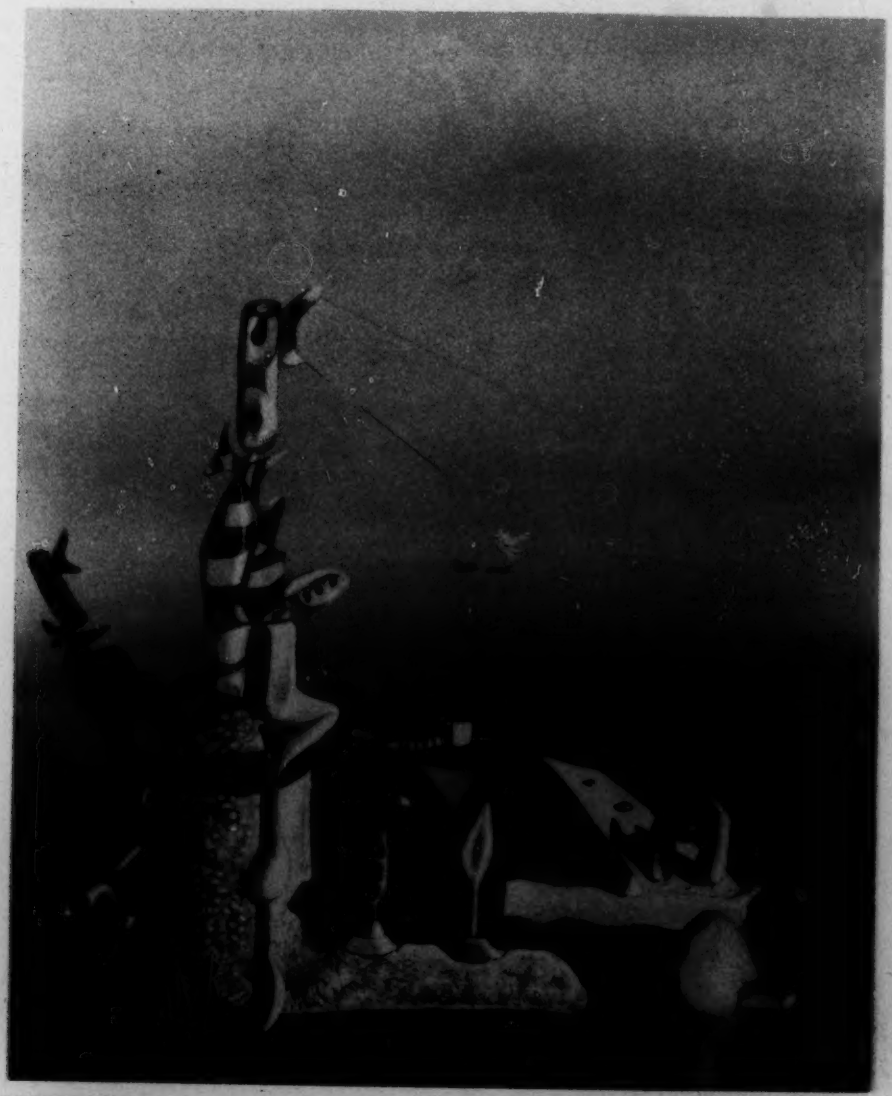
**"Jumping out of the window of his own eye (and still whirling in his fall), Yves Tanguy became the first to have actually seen into the realm of the Mothers, indicated by Goethe".**

**ANDRE BRETON (1942)**

**"The fields near Locronan are peopled with menhirs and dolmens from prehistoric times and these, subjectively transformed, are frequent properties in the dream world Tanguy celebrated as an adult painter.**

**The ambiguity is intensified by changes in the density of the objects themselves, from opaque to translucent to transparent, creating a spatial double entendre."**

**JAMES THRALL SOBY (YVES TANGUY)**



**UNTITLED** *(lent by Mr. & Mrs. Allan Emil)*

"TU T'EVAPORES DANS UN BUISSON DE CRIS," 1956

# TOYEN

Born in Prague, in 1902. After a brief encounter with Cubism, she devoted herself to describing in playful colours the spell of amusement parks and exotic dreams. It was then that, together with Jindrich Styrsky, Karel Teige and Vitezlav Nezval, she founded the Czech group "Devetsil", the center of Central-European "Avant-garde" where, as early as 1926, "poetism" took shape: rejection of aesthetism, identification of painting and poetry, primacy of the unconscious, etc. As from 1925, Toyen and Styrsky exhibited, in Paris, some works that foreshadowed modern lyrical abstractionism. At the end of a period of metaphysical inspiration, she was drawn towards Surrealism, after this movement had established itself in Prague, following Breton's and Eluard's visit, in 1935. It is then that she created what is, according to Breton, "a cynegetics of apparitions": surreal predacious animals, telluric metamorphoses, sombre enigmas of the immediate. War prompted her to utter a cry of revolt: cycles of Le Tir (1940), Cache-toi guerre (1944). In 1947, she took refuge in Paris where her inspiration feeds on a more benefic form of magic.

ROBERT BENAYOUN

**Toyen's whole work has for sole objective to correct the external world in relation to a desire that feeds on and grows from its own satisfaction.**

**BENJAMIN PERET, 1953**

**This purely fantastic world, this world, seemingly motionless and pretendedly silencious, of beings and objects appearing in a light that is always that of twilight, when the strangest things are the nearest and the deepest sleep is the keenest wake, this is Toyen's world.**

**CHARLES ESTIENNE, 1959**

# CLOVIS TROUILLE

"LA GLOIRE," 1937

Born in France at La Fère (Aisne), in 1889. He began to paint while he was completely alone, earning his living as a make-up man for dummies. He took part in the Surrealist Exhibition of 1947. He is one of the very few contemporary artists who never had any personal show.

In 1952, the painting in which he commented very freely on the Coronation of the Queen of England was taken down by the police from the wall of the Salon des Indépendants. "My paintings are made for thirty years from now", he said on this occasion, "and I paint with crude colours so that my works will remain vivid! In thirty years' time I'll be dead but people will discover that I had something to say".

**Clovis Trouille, the Great Master of Ceremonies of the "everything is permissible".**
**ANDRE BRETON**

**The aggressive strength of his work, the presence of which is enough to "torpedo" the attention from the pictures hung on the line, is due to the encounter of a quietly caressed indecency and of the most pertinent elements of folklore, whether traditional (the Mountebank) or contemporary (Pope Pius XII, Jane Russell coming straight out of Paleface).**
**GERARD LEGRAND**

# ROGER VAN HECKE

"CHOISIS TA PORTE," 1957

Born in Tourcoing, France, at the very moment earth was shaking in Japan. After having exercised innumerable trades: harvester, chemist, motorcycle racer, cook, gardener, decorator, lecturer, etc. . . . he sailed to Japan in 1949. There, he taught, French worked as a newspaperman and, finally, as a riding-school teacher. Participated in shows and reviews inspired by Surrealism. He visited Korea during the war (he was arrested by U.S. soldiers in Kiong-Jon), then China, the Philippines, and travelled back to Paris in 1959.

**His paintings and drawings are among those which tear up the daily boredom of existing forms.** ALAIN JOUBERT

# JEAN BENOIT

"HOMMAGE AU MARQUIS DE SADE"

Born in Quebec, in 1922. After giving painting lessons to children, he settled in Paris in 1947. His constant refusal to exhibit his works in art galleries could only partly be explained by his abhorrence of art dealers' circles. The decision he took around 1953 not to show to anybody — not even his best friends — the paintings and drawings he would do, proves that his deliberate isolation is not only a protest, but that it has a much deeper meaning: "The approval of the public is to be shunned at all costs. If we want to avoid confusion, we must prevent the public from entering" (Second Surrealist Manifesto). At the beginning of 1959, Jean Benoît met the Surrealists who enthusiastically welcomed him. On 2 December 1959, within the framework of the Paris International Surrealist Exhibition, Jean Benoît organized the unforgettable, and already legendary, evening ritual: "The Execution of the Marquis de Sade's Will."

**"Enough with roaming around a work of art! One must now inhabit it!"**
**JEAN BENOIT**

**"Out of the confrontation of the Marquis de Sade's poignant life with his monumental works, a metaphorical entity was bound to rise, fully armed, that it will be Jean Benoît's honour to have incarnated."**
**ANDRE BRETON**

**"These are not paintings only: they are the guide marks with which Jean Benoît lays out the avowable outlines of sedition. Jean Benoît: a black beacon light."**
**RADOVAN IVSIC**

# MIMI PARENT

"IL ETAIT GRILHEURE," 1956

Born in Montreal, in 1924. After her first shows, in 1947 and 1948, she settled in Paris where she still lives surrounded by birds. At the beginning of 1959, she adhered to the Surrealist movement. Thanks to her poetic talent, her Surrealist objects – where her imagination finds its most faithful expression – and, finally, her paintings, she is at present considered as one of the more quickening forces of Surrealism. At the International Surrealist Exhjbition of 1959, in Paris, the crypt dedicated to fetichism was the work of Mimi Parent.

**"Knock hard, life is deaf."**

**MIMI PARENT**

**"Dans les yeux chardon de Mimi luisent les Jardins d'Armide à minuit."**

**ANDRE BRETON**

**If Mimi Parent appears suddenly at a street corner and recognizes you, stop and do not laugh, she will give you a heavy little box: therein you will find the silence of crystals, the countless colours of the wings, a toy for Alice, and, at the very bottom, among roots and claws, you will discover, like a tear drop, a dawn as beautiful as night.**

**RODOVAN IVSIC**

# MARIA

**"C'est l'univers qui doit être interrogé tout d'abord sur l'homme et non point l'homme sur l'univers. Ce qui prélude aux grands accords acrobatiques de Maria, au tour de force de cette souplesse totale dans le rigide, ce n'est pas la "cire perdue," ce *sont les sèves*.**

**ANDRE BRETON**

"L'IMPOSSIBLE"

*(lent by the Museum of Modern Art)*

12/VII/62

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